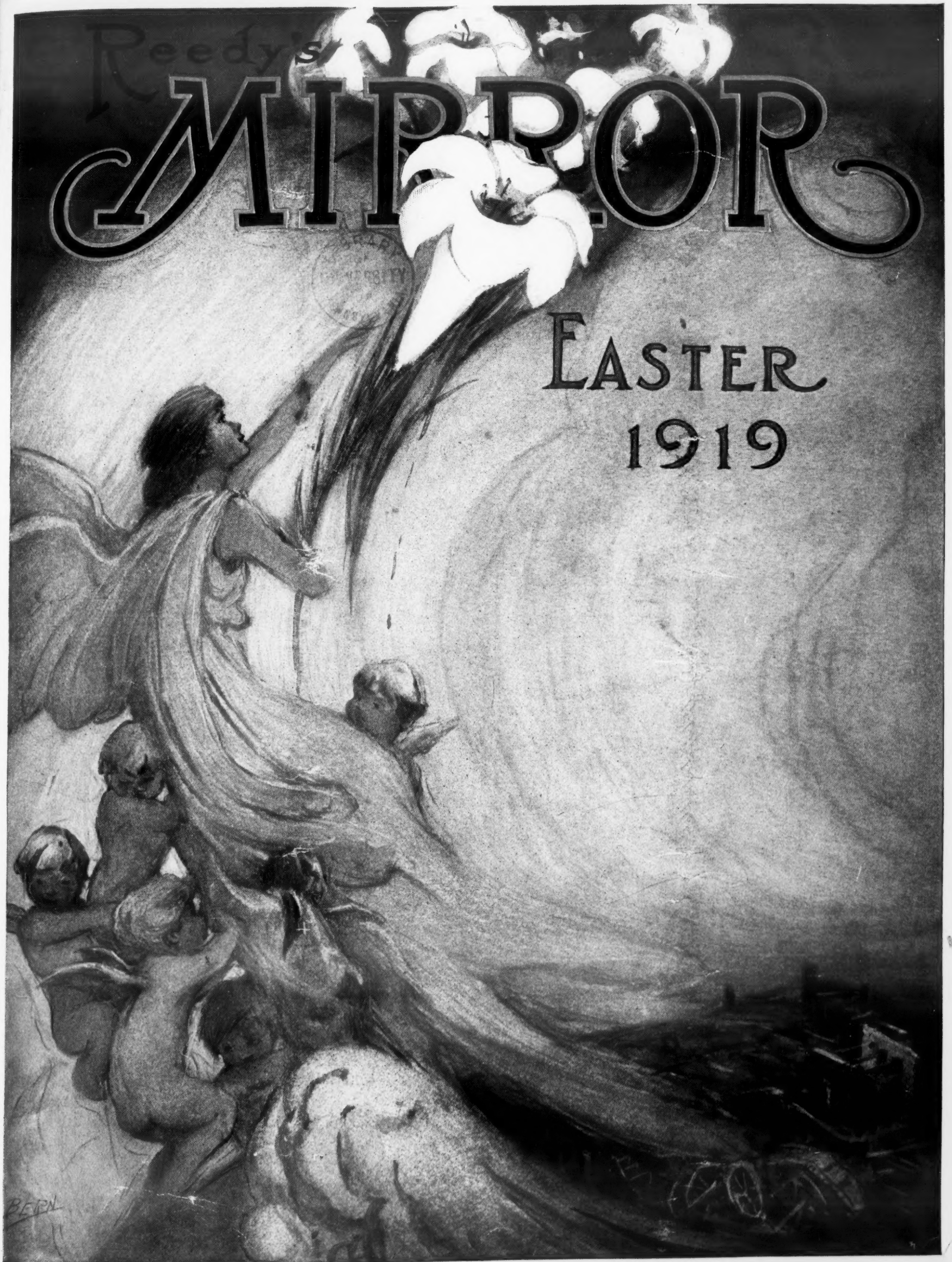


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REEDY'S MIRROR

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Easter

By W. M. R.

HERE'S Spring again! The same old Spring, but timelessly fresh and new. All the earth is greening and blossoming, and in each man's heart the poet hidden there is singing in words, or, it may be, all voicelessly, in greeting to the resurrection. It is a sign to most of us that, if a man die he shall live again.

Perhaps there never was a spring in all the world's history in which men's souls were filled with a livelier faith and hope that many old sad, bad, mad things of man's contrivance are passed away. Five years of turmoil terrible and torture unspeakable have fed us full of agonies, and the peoples hang expectantly upon the proceedings of the world's statesmen in conference assembled at Paris, awaiting perfected agreements under which the horror cannot be repeated.

Shall this faith and hope be rendered vain by statesmen's failure? It does not seem possible that they shall be wholly defeated. For the statesmen are no longer supreme. However they may play off governmental ambitions against each other, these politicians know that the peoples are watching, and the peoples are made one in their desire that there shall be an end of holocausts and hecatombs. Not in desire only, but in determination to realize that desire. All the realists and sophists and pessimists may join in chorus that the peoples "imagine a vain thing," but all mankind is wiser than the wisest of the few, and there are not wanting portents that, if the statesmen fail to do what is expected of them, the peoples will take the world into their own hands and "shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire." With the green flame of spring there flickers over the earth the red flame of revolution. The thing the Great War was fought for will be had, even so as by another and greater war, if need be. For this will to a better world is of the springtide that stirs in spirits erstwhile sore and weary of the colossal sacrifice which man's selfishness has exacted of man.

We are weary of gospels of hatred and of policies of greed. We know that these things breed only more of their kind. We want a peace of live-and-let-live for all the folk of this earth. We know the things that have operated in the past to set between the green floor and the azure vault roaring war, and chief among them is the wish of some to put themselves in power over the many. The remedy for this is that all peoples shall choose their own governments, and then that barriers of trade and commerce between them shall be swept away. For such barriers of trade and commerce ineluctably imply armies and navies. And the people are maddened against each other through fear that those of one nation may through exploitation take away the jobs of those of another nation. So nations are inspired with hatred of their neighbors, as individuals are set at enmity within nations in the struggle for existence, when there should be no such struggle at all. The secret of this hate-germinating system is to be found in man-devised privilege, whereby the many are deprived of their birthright in the earth for the benefit of the few. The hope of the world is that privilege shall be destroyed and thus government by the privileged in all lands. If this be not in the peace finally framed, there will be no peace.

In this springtime of peoples the urge is toward an extension of the idea and ideal of democracy. Political democracy is not enough. It does not function as democracy, for the reason that it flourishes upon a basis of industrial servitude. A people cannot be politically free and industrially enslaved at the same time. They can only too easily be used as cannon-fodder by those who are masters of the bread, by those who are controllers of the jobs whereby men live. Those who are thinking only of a political peace emanating from the Paris conference deceive themselves. The democracy the world fought for is industrial democracy, economic freedom. This must be the new blue flower and fruit of the fields of earth in this recurrent springtime.

Its seeds have germinated in the minds and hearts of the workers—and the workers have chiefly been the fighters—everywhere. In Russia the first growth has been a rank one, to some eyes but a noxious weed, but to others, clearer seeing, a crop of use and beauty. Beaten Germany shows the same flowering and fruition after a sprinkling of blood. Great Britain is thrilled with sight of its new green shoots and bursting buds. It is a new spring song that is chanted for us in such books as Bertrand Russell's "Proposed Roads to Freedom" (Holt, New York), and Norman Angell's "The British Revolution and the American Democracy" (Huebsch, New York). The burden of that song is that the people are the state and the state the people, and if the state can take men's lives, the old conception of private property has been destroyed. The people who are the state can take property as it was taken by every nation during the war. The new conception of property seems to be ownership by the state and management by the workers. This means the sharing of the worker in the profits of industry and enterprise. This is, broadly, the platform of the British Labor Party, accepted in principle by the older parties. It is the program of the soviets in Russia and in Germany. In this country what passes for a labor party is not concerned with such a movement, but there is no denying the steady spread of revolt against the machine of the American Federation of Labor. An intellectualist element at work among the workers is destroying our old labor policy of caring for nothing after the worker has forced the capitalist to make concessions to him, leaving all the people out of consideration, forgetting that all the consumers are workers, too. Here the state has dipped into industry with the result that temporarily the worker has come more nearly into his own in some lines, but the added wage of the organized worker has come out of his own and his unorganized brothers' increased cost of living. The power of organized labor to compel from capital the granting of a share in profits must be extended to all the workers, so that profits finally, over and above the remuneration for service rendered, shall go to the state for expenditure in multitudinally increased service to all. And with this must go the unlocking of privately monopolized resources of the earth to the use of all men who will work. This means a vast conscription of private property, and to an extent its extinction, but if the state can conscribe the lives of its people for its preservation it can conscribe all wealth and property for the betterment of the people.

Hitherto our American democracy has stopped far short of this, but where our democracy has stopped that of the remainder of the world begins. European democratic purpose starts from our shoulders, see-

ing a farther, fairer goal. And it is this democratic purpose that asserts itself, in ways mostly unguessed, upon the elder statesmen in the peace conference. This is the democracy, speaking through the soldiers of General Plummer's army, that tells the conference the "Tommies" will mutiny if they have to stand guard over starving women and children in Germany. This is the democracy that says, even in France, that Germany must be dealt with, in the peace terms, in accord with the humane propositions of President Wilson's "fourteen points," to which, probably, rather than to our armies, the German people enforced the surrender and abdication of the autocracy. This is the democracy that declares it is not our right and duty to make war upon the government the Russian people have set up for themselves. It is industrial as distinguished from political democracy. It is a sentiment, a feeling of kinship for even our late enemies, and for those allies who deserted us when we deserted them after they had overthrown the Romanoffs. The people are against the blockade of Germany and the destruction of Lenin and Trotzky. They want the peace to bring peoples together rather than set up separative politics. And the people are wiser than the statesmen of Europe, for a crushed Germany cannot pay reparative damages, and a Russia made into the enemy of all the allies will only make common cause with that crushed Germany and divide the world eventually into two hostile leagues of nations.

Furthermore, the people of the nations that convinced Germany of the necessity of democracy, insist that they shall have democracy at home. They have had an embryo form of it heretofore. Now, in the time of the sifting of the nations, they move to a development of that embryo into a higher form. They have seen the old democracy help to foment national and class war. Now they see democracy as co-operation among the peoples. They see what a fallacy it is that there can be any true and lasting prosperity and happiness for one nation in the poverty and misery of others. They realize that the salvation of civilization depends upon the realization of something approximating the spirit of love in the relations between nations. They want a peace pact that will cast out both hatred and fear. The best men and women of all countries lift their voices against revenge and retribution, against sneaking facts accomplished with regard to occupations of territory, against guaranties in forms of force, against national strangulation by corrected boundaries. And the world's ugly unrest pending the peace deliberations is due to a suspicion that the elder statesmen are somehow concocting, in an old bad fashion, a defeat of the very principles and purposes for which the allies said the war was fought—principles and purposes which alone could have welded the world into one mighty force for the annihilation of the state as the incarnation of hate. A peace accordant with the fourteen points will end this unrest or at least translate its energies into orderly, as distinguished from violent, effort for the affectuation of a democracy that shall be at once political and industrial.

So in this spring the world's fancy, like the young man's in the song, turns, but not lightly, to thoughts of love, to an effort to make real the dream of brotherhood. At this season we remember one who, dying for his love of man, rose triumphant over the grave, and we remember as well those millions of great little brothers of his who died during the past four years for that same ideal—yes, most of those on the other side of the fighting line, so died, too—for love of country, with which, or clearly or vaguely, they identified the higher cause and noblest ends of humanity. This thought makes us sense more clearly in this spring than ever before the poet's "nameless pathos in the air." Those innumerable dead! Are they not vivid in the earth's resurrection of spring? Who does not feel that, somehow, this spring will bring to bloom the seed of

flower and fruit sown in their sacrifice? And flower and fruit are not for us alone, the living. "For love is more great than we conceive and death is the keeper of unknown redemptions."

World-Shaking Days

By Charles J. Finger

SOME years ago we read Bellamy's "Looking Backward," and later William Morris' "News from Nowhere." We, who were impressionable and hopeful, having also thoroughly assimilated about the same time "Progress and Poverty," calculated that in our own lifetime we would be living in a society of greater social efficiency and more widespread human happiness than then. Presently, coming on Hilaire Belloc's "Servile State," we were led to believe that the more probable effect of modern legislation upon our industrial society would be a logical tendency toward the establishment of two legally separate classes—the one, a small class in possession of the means of production, legally guaranteed in its enjoyments, the other, a large proletarian class condemned to compulsory labor, perhaps under the guarantee of a living sufficiency and security in its enjoyment. To be sure there was a doubt in some of our minds as to the guarantee, and we somewhat feared the possibility of a development *a la Morlock*, as per H. G. Wells. In the Belloc book there was a section devoted to the probability of a sharp upheaval and deflection that, the author hinted, might have surprising results. The doubt gave us pause. How and where would this probable sharp upheaval and deflection appear? That it would be in the nature of a social explosion we were all agreed—an explosion that would put *Shobansi San* to shame as puny.

Having Frank Harris' "The Bomb" in mind (a book by the way that is well worth the re-reading), we watched our Herr Most, Voltarine de Cleyre, Louise Michel and others of similar religious beliefs, but studying Anarchism at the feet of Stirner, Tucker and Byington, we understood that the exponents by deed, the Valliants, Ravachols and Henrys were merely ordinary individualists with a mental kink. Then came I. W. W.'s, Bill Hayward, Giovanitti, Ettor, the Sinn Fein, all sorts and conditions of propaganda, but none had the dynamic force. And so, in spite of the hysteria of our daily papers, which warned us in lurid headlines against each and every one of these men and institutions, we felt secure. "Not in any of these" we murmured, "is hidden the TNT to cause the sharp upheaval and deflection that prophet Belloc foretold."

Then came John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World" (Boni & Leveright, New York), and bearing in mind the Belloc prophecy, we read. Understanding that Reed was something of a protagonist of upheavals, we were prepared to use the traditional grain of salt. Reed would whitewash. Reed would, like a modern photographic artist, add a little here and soften and tone down there. In this place he would extenuate, and there set down in malice. At any rate, he would be as frankly inclined one way as the Senate Committee might be the other, and between the two, we would find our Polaris. So we read, and, for a chapter or two, felt secure. This of which he told, was no world-shaker. A tremor quite localized rather. But then . . . presently it became quite clear by internal evidence that Reed was giving us a plain unvarnished account. Neither did he make unsupported assertions. Further, there was a strange verisimilitude about the work. It was as if Carlyle had written his "French Revolution" from the point of view of an eye-witness. Anti-Bolshevik arguments were there. The viewpoint of the old regime, of the Kerensky party, of the Socialist Revolutionaries, of the Mensheviks, as well as the other fourteen or fifteen parties opposed to the Bolsheviks were set forth. Nor were the Bolshevik leaders heroized. One visualizes the

turmoil vividly under the Reed spell. Leaders appear unshaven, with ill-fitting clothes, dirty, grimy, sweaty. Here and there a speech is recorded—abrupt, exclamatory, hortatory, reminding one of the outpourings of the third citizen in "Julius Caesar." No elegant Camille Desmoulins strut the stage. Instead, men rush hither and thither—men ignorant, war-weary, illiterate, confused. There is a huge proletarian army, ill equipped, without any commander, aimlessly led up and down in futile marches and countermarches, by separate and opposed field officers, in detached brigades and companies. Then there is a grand, ground bass of a people asking peace and quiet, seeking something, somewhere to give harmony to thoughts, acts and desires, to fire a natural morality with fervor, to give a moral direction. As by the touch of an enchanter's wand, at the right time, appear the men with a vision—Lenine and Trotzky. There, in these two, it seems, is the center of order in a scene of disorder, and one is gripped with a sense of the immensity of the task they have undertaken. Their own followers shout at them, "Why aren't you out there with the Red Guards?" and Trotzky, taking the challenge, goes. This ex-New York journalist has the courage of his convictions, indeed.

There is a beauty in Reed's handling of the theme, but it is a savage beauty. It is the beauty one presently discovers in the symmetrical muscularity of a good wrestler when in action, and after personal repulsion is conquered. It is the beauty one senses in the sight of a half-naked negro toiling with sweat-glistening limbs at the furnace mouth. . . . There are broad, savage slashes like a Boardman cartoon.

One closes the book and ponders. Is then this Bolshevism the sharp upheaval and deflection that Belloc warned us was coming? If so, had we not better get busy, some of us who are proud of our executive ability, and see whether an application of the Single Tax will not be a safety valve?

Springtime

By Harry B. Kennon

SPURRED to brisker movement by chill winds harping in the bare branches overhead, and poking his stout walking stick here and there as he proceeded through the wood, Clarence Youngblood chanced upon rotting snow in shady hollows. Rotting snow—and curled up baby violet leaves, little green spears forcing their way to the sun through oak leaves old and rotten. That living seal on Winter's death-warrant gave Clarence the irritation needed for one of those nature essays for which he is obscurely famous; so, no sooner in his study, perfumed by hickory burning in the open fireplace, but Youngblood laid out fair paper, sharpened his pencils, and fell into pleasant throes of composition.

"That old dinner coat of yours now—" The Dear Woman who never, never disturbs Clarence when he is writing bustled in, bringing fresh odors of camphor and house cleaning.

"Yes, my dear," responded Clarence, his mind all violets.

"I am sick and tired keeping moths out of it," complained the Dear Woman. "Clearing out closets is exasperating!"

"So it is, my dear, so it is."

Clarence changed a colon to a semi, his suspended pencil a discourager of further conversation.

"Especially men's things," continued the undaunted Dear Woman. "One never knows. . . . Clarence, I shall give that coat to the Armenians."

"Thought the Belgians had all but the rags on my back," joked Clarence. "But the Armenians by all means, Alice, by all means. Handsome people the Armenians. . . . Do you remember the garden off the Corniche Road at Mentone . . . the little table where we had our chocolate under orange and lemon

trees . . . the liquid eyed Armenian, festooned with shawls and veils from Araby and the Indies?"

"I remember that the spangled scarf he sold you could have been bought for half the money in New York," said matter-of-fact Alice.

"Why, no doubt it could, my dear, no doubt; but, do you know, when I see you with that glittering thing thrown over your head, I am on the Mediterranean again—with you—honeymooning. Money can't buy that in a New York shop, Alice. I am eternally in debt to Armenians. Give them the coat."

"I found this in the breast pocket," said Alice. "Is it anything you care to keep?"

This proved to be an old bill: "To Luther Armstrong, Florist. For one hand bouquet—violets, white roses and maidenhair." . . . Clarence whistled at the cost, wondering how he had managed to finance such exquisite luxury on his slender salary of more than a quarter of a century before. He sighed softly in saying: "The opera was 'Borgia' that night. Do you remember, Alice?"

"With Patti for *Lucretia*! Don't I remember! Nobody could sing like Patti."

"Nobody ever will, dear. And Scalchi! The ugly woman with glorious legs to match her glorious contralto—the gay boy drinking his poison—who wouldn't for such a *Lucretia*!"—Clarence hummed the first bars of "Better to Laugh Than Be Sighing."—"It was a beautiful night, Alice—a beautiful bouquet: violets, roses, maidenhair."

"Yes," said Alice, dryly, "I remember Mimi carrying it."

"Why, so she did, my dear, so she did," returned Clarence. "You came with Jack Shepard. . . I wanted to murder Jack that night."

"And Mimi wanted to murder me," laughed Alice.

"Lovely girl, Mimi," mused Youngblood.

"Mimi's a grandmother now, Clarence."

"So she is, so she is. Have her and Jack in tonight for a rubber, dear, and Alice—"

"Yes," said the Dear Woman, on the wing to succor Armenia.

"Don't put poison in the punch. . . You smell of carbolic."

South State Street, Chicago

By Maxwell Bodenheimer

I

ROWS of blankly box-like buildings
Raise their sodden architecture
Into the poised lyric of the sky.
At their feet, pawn-shops and burlesque theaters
Yawn beneath their livid confetti.
In the pawn-shop windows, violins,
Cut-glass bowls and satchels mildly blink
Upon the mottled turbulence outside,
And sit with that detached assurance
Gripping things inanimate.
Near them, slyly shaded cabarets
Stand in bland and ornate sleep,
And the glassy luridness
Of penny-arcades flays the eyes.
The black crowd clatters like an idiot's wrath.

II

Wander with me down this street
Where the spectral night is caught
Like moon-paint on a colorless lane . . .
On this corner stands a woman
Sleekly, sulkily complacent,
Like a tigress nibbling bits of sugar.
At her side, a brawny, white-faced man
Whose fingers waltz upon his checkered suit,
Searches for one face amidst the crowd.
(His smile is like a rambling sword.)
His elbows almost touch a snowy girl
Whose body blooms with cool withdrawal.
From her little nook of peaceful scorn
She casts unseeing eyes upon the crowd.
Near her stands a weary newsboy

With a sullenly elfin face.

The night has leaned too intimately
On the frightened scampering of his soul.

But to this old, staidly patient woman
With her softly wintry eyes,

Night bends down in gentle revelation
Undisturbed by joy or hatred.

At her side, two factory girls

In slyly jaunty hats and swaggering coats,
Weave a twinkling summer with their words:

A summer where the night parades
Rakishly, and like a gold Beau Brummel.

With a gnome-like impudence

They thrust their little, pink tongues out
At men who sidle past.

To them, the frantic dinginess of day
Has melted to caressing restlessness

Tingling with the pride of breasts and hips.

At their side two dainty, languid girls

Playing with their suavely tangled dresses,
Touch the black crowd with unsearching eyes.

But the old man on the corner,
Bending over his cane like some tired warrior

Resting on a sword, peers at the crowd
With the smouldering disdain

Of a King whipped out of his domain.

For a moment he smiles uncertainly,

Then wears a look of frail sternness.

Musty, Rabelaisian odors stray

From this naively gilded family-entrance
And make the body of a vagrant

Quiver as though unseen roses grazed him.

His face is blackly stubbled emptiness
Swerving to the rotted prayers of eyes.

Yet, sometimes his thin arm leaps out
And hangs a moment in the air,

As though he raised a violin of hate

And lacked the strength to play it.

A woman lurches from the family-entrance.

With tense solicitude she hugs

Her can of beer against her stunted bosom
And mumbles to herself.

The trampled blasphemy upon her face

Holds up, in death, its watery, barren eyes.

Indifferently, she brushes past the vagrant:

Life has peeled away her sense of touch.

III

With groping majesty, the endless crowd
Pounds its searching chant of feet
Down this tawdrily resplendent street.
People stray into a burlesque theatre
Framed with scarlet, blankly rotund girls.
Here a burly cattle raiser walks
With the grace of wind-swept prairie grass.
Behind him steps a slender clerk
Tendering his sprightly stridency
To the stolid, doll-like girl beside him.
At his side a heavy youth
Dully stands beneath his swaggering mask;
And a smiling man in black and white
Walks, like some Pierrot grown middle-aged.

Mutely twinkling fragments of a romance:

Tiny lights stand over this cabaret.

Men and women jovially emboldened

Stroll beneath the curtained entrance,

And their laughs, like softly brazen cowbells,

Change the scene to a strange pastoral.

Hectic shepherdesses drunk with night,

Women mingle their coquettish colors.

Suddenly, a man leaps out

From the open doorway's blazing pallor,

Smashing into the drab sidewalk.

His lips and eyelids break apart

And make a clown in sudden suicide . . .

Then the mottled nakedness

Of the scene comes, like a blow.

Stoically crushed in hovering grey

Night lies coldly on this street.

Momentary sounds crash into night

Like ghostly curses stifled in their birth. . . .

And over all the blankly box-like buildings

Raise their sodden architecture

Into the poised lyric of the sky.

Elijah Roosevelt's Elisha

By Politicaster

HOW many non-Chicagoans are acquainted with the character of Chicago's patriciate—a collection of families whose older generations one associates chiefly with the old North Side and whose newer generation one thinks of in connection with Lake Forest and the Onwentsia Club? It is an aristocracy so far as such a term may be used of America and of Chicago (!) a little like that descended in New York from the old families of Washington square and Gramercy park; considerably more like that of Rittenhouse square in Philadelphia; and, for all the differences between the hub of culture and the capital of pork and hustle, still more like that of Beacon street and Commonwealth avenue in Boston—only a much younger aristocracy, far more open-minded, flexible and virile than the corresponding groups in the Eastern cities.

Of such is Medill McCormick. And this patrician quality has not been mitigated to say the least by his early residence in foreign countries as a child and a youth during the period of his father's diplomatic service; nor by the years passed in an English boarding school, nor by his more prolonged courses of instruction at Groton (America's Eton) and Yale University.

However, this stamp of the fine world has been and will be as little of a handicap to Medill McCormick as it was to Medill McCormick's very intimate friend and beloved political leader, Theodore Roosevelt; for McCormick has the same straightforward manliness and genuine pith of good fellowship and universal human sympathy as the more distinguished and no doubt far more fascinating other.

Senator McCormick was born in Chicago in 1877, the son of Robert S. and Katherine Medill McCormick. He is of Scotch-Irish descent, the grandson of Joseph Medill, the founder of the *Chicago Tribune* and one of the eminent names in the history of American journalism.

Senator McCormick, shortly after his graduation from Yale, married Ruth Hanna, the daughter of the late Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio. Mrs. McCormick is now the chairman (or does one say chair-lady?) of the Women's Committee of the Republican National Committee, and people say that it is not for nothing that she is the daughter of Mark Hanna; she has inherited her father's energy and ambition, his determination and directness, his fresh, wholesome genuineness and—it is a most important and—his political instinct.

The young McCormick entered the service of the *Chicago Tribune* as a reporter and served in this capacity not only in Chicago but in Washington and abroad. He was with General "Hell Roaring" Jake Smith in the Samar campaign in the Philippines; more recently, reverting to his early reportorial position, he was with General Funston at Vera Cruz and slipped through the lines to Mexico City. Twice during his Mexican experience he was imprisoned by the Huertistas.

He served for several years as the publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, but severed his official connection—his "official" connection—with that paper before entering politics. His political career began in 1912, when he helped to organize the progressive movement in the Republican party, at first in the interest of Senator LaFollette's nomination, but when that movement went to pieces, in the interest of the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt. (Perhaps here is the place to say that Medill McCormick is honored by having been personally and politically more intimate with Theodore Roosevelt than any other of

our younger public men.) Later in the same year, 1912, he helped to organize the Progressive party, serving as the vice-chairman of its national campaign committee.

He was virtually kicked into office, being put on the legislative ticket to fill a vacancy in one of the state assembly districts in Chicago. Elected for the legislature in 1912 as a Progressive, he was re-elected on the same party ticket in 1914. There were only two Progressives elected to the Illinois legislature in that year, and in 1915, McCormick accepted the invitation of the Republicans in that body to return to their party, a proceeding notified in a letter to Colonel Roosevelt, which was made public at the time, one seems to remember, with the benevolent or at least not malevolent response which it elicited from the Colonel—a straw to show which way the wind was blowing.

In 1916, McCormick was delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention from Illinois; in the same year he was nominated and elected as Congressman-at-large on the Republican ticket and served as chairman of the Illinois State Republican convention.

In 1918, Mr. McCormick was nominated for United States senator in a very lively and bitter three-cornered contest, where his opponents were former Congressman Foss and the notorious "Big Bill" Thompson, the mayor of Chicago. In November he won the election over J. Hamilton Lewis, him of the pink whiskers, gorgeous raiment and suave speech.

Senator McCormick is a farmer. He runs one of the largest and finest certified milk farms in the country, overlooking the Rock river on the bluffs near Byron, Ogle County, Illinois. He is much interested in the breeding of thoroughbred cattle and farm stock.

Few men in public life have had wider experience or greater variety of interests than Medill McCormick. His father was a diplomat who rose from secretary of the American embassy at London to ambassador at Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg (now Petrograd). As has been mentioned, Senator McCormick spent much of his boyhood abroad. He speaks French fluently and some Spanish; when in Paris one remembers that, as the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies, he was able to respond to his toast with a lengthy speech in the French language.

He is not only familiar with foreign diplomacy, but personally acquainted with practically all of the leading foreign diplomats and statesmen of the present day. In some cases his acquaintance with them dates back to the days of his boyhood and young manhood when his father was engaged in American diplomatic service abroad. This class of acquaintances was renewed or extended during the year 1917, when Senator McCormick, while a member of the House of Representatives from Illinois, was the first member of Congress to go abroad following our declaration of war upon Germany. He spent more than three months in Europe visiting all the different sections of the Western Front from the Adriatic to the Channel, and consulting with the statesmen of Italy, France and Great Britain.

Such is the man whom one ventures to think is more likely than any other to inherit, sooner or later, the role of Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican party. There are four, perhaps five, outstanding men in middle years who carry on the progressive part of the Roosevelt traditions: Hiram Johnson of California, Senator Borah of Idaho, Governor Allen of Kansas, Senator McCormick and Raymond Robins of Illinois.

Senator Johnson is probably a more salient character and aggressive political leader than McCormick, but he comes from a state on the Pacific coast; which, in fact, one believes, still operates to make him seem somewhat remote as a national political leader; and the Republican Old Guard will never forgive him for his real or fancied treachery

to Mr. Hughes, which they think cost them the presidential election in 1916—a bone which still sticks in the craw of Colonel George Harvey, who, like Sairey Gamp, has risen in his wrath and denounced Senator Johnson, excluding him "from the society of gentlemen" forever. Senator Borah is from Idaho and thus still less fortunately placed politically than Senator Johnson, whose state of California is more remote but much more important. Senator Borah, in addition, has been qualifying as a crochety character for the last two or three years; he has cut across far too many public questions at a far too individual angle; and his extreme "touch not, taste not, handle not" attitude, with reference to the League of Nations, is, frankly speaking, politically impossible. Governor Henry Allen of Kansas, the Wichita editor, is not likely to become the leader of the Republican party until all the members of that organization have acquired the art of the Chautauqua salute along with the Chautauqua mentality.

Raymond Robins is of Senator McCormick's state and city; he is by far the most interesting, picturesque, "dynamic," not to say "consecrated" personality among all these men. He is a great orator, as Lloyd George, Viviani, Bryan and men of that sort are great orators. He has had a vast and multifarious experience of human kind. He possesses more of the daemonic, sacred, prophetic fire than any other public man in America with the possible exception of Eugene V. Debs—and Robins is not a class-bound fanatic. In fact, should the American people ever be thoroughly aroused by the political-social-economic question and all on fire, Raymond Robins is the only man in the Republican party who one believes has the genius "to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm."

But Robins lacks the prestige of Senator McCormick's recent victories; he lacks the points of contact with, and the confidence of, the older line of Republican statesmen which Senator McCormick seems in a considerable measure to enjoy; what is still more important, he lacks the responsiveness to and resonance with the ordinary moods of the ordinary "unconsecrated" run of mankind which characterizes Senator McCormick. (A point of interest—Mrs. Raymond Robins, who is president of the National Women's Trade Union League and has held this position for many a year, is one of the five women who under the chairmanship of Mrs. Medill McCormick helps to sway the destinies of the Republican party: Nip and Tuck!)

The truth is all these men, Johnson, Borah, Allen and Robins, are, with some reservations to be reckoned with as to Borah, more or less mere radicals, progressives, liberals, humanitarians, what you will—oh, they are all politicians, never fear, but I mean that what disinterested or, shall we say, temperamental political thinking they do is of the character just indicated.

McCormick, too, is all of these things in a measure, in a large measure; but he has habitually and unconsciously (partly because of his early breeding and his lifelong associations, more largely still because of the caliber of his temperament and because of an integrity of instinct something like that of Theodore Roosevelt) a larger, richer, more comprehensive and balanced synthesis in his political thinking of the better and best radical and tory values than any of these men. He has, too, a more thorough, unrelenting and affectionate addiction to the sordid details of "practical politics" than any of them except Senator Johnson; and a larger admixture of Machiavelli in his composition than any of them except Raymond Robins (two Machiavellis in the Republican organization of one state and one city (!) to say nothing of the pinchbeck Machiavelli, former Governor Deneen, and the Swedish Machiavelli, Mr. Lundeen, etc., etc.); and he has, last but by no means least, the backing of the Chicago Tribune.

Medill McCormick is then aristocrat and democrat; commonplace and yet distinguished; forceful

and yet suave; honest and yet astute; clean as a hound's tooth—one is reminded somehow by his personal appearance, habit and movements of a fine thoroughbred greyhound—yet man of the world; typical scion of Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism and yet tamely and intimately consorting with what his forebears regarded as the Beast of the Apocalypse (for McCormick has a positive gift of making fast friends among Catholics, especially among those of Irish birth or descent); *Real-und-Machtpolitiker*—for McCormick takes very carnal and hardshell views of foreign policy, the Monroe doctrine, dollar diplomacy, so-called, military and naval questions, universal military training, etc., etc.—and yet humanitarian.

Thus one sums up the reasons which make one think that Medill McCormick, United States senator from Illinois, is likely to be the Elijah who will, as I have said, sooner or later and probably later rather than sooner, inherit the peculiar role which within the last three years had devolved upon Theodore Roosevelt in the Republican party.

The Old Guard is perhaps still, in spite of Chairman Will Hays (whose friendship, by the way, Senator McCormick abundantly enjoys), in control of the machinery of the Republican party. They may nominate Harding, Watson, Lowden, whom you will, in 1920, but the American people are definitely through with that ilk. Unless the Democratic party turns so semi-demi-Bolshevik or the Socialists loom up so big on the horizon that Raymond Robins thus becomes the only viable conservative, we are likely some day or other to see Medill McCormick president of the United States or at least to have a chance to turn down Presidential Candidate McCormick by our sovereign will.

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Elijah Roosevelt's Elisha! And I have not so much as mentioned General Leonard Wood, who has taken over Colonel Roosevelt's page in the *Metropolitan* magazine and who indubitably is the most able and distinguished exponent and continuator of the sound, rich, virile, ethically and politically indispensable tory ingredient of Rooseveltianism, just as Hiram Johnson and Raymond Robins are the exponents of the radical ingredient.

The Rooseveltian Right—Leonard Wood!

The Rooseveltian Left—Hiram Johnson, Raymond Robins!

The Rooseveltian Center—Medill McCormick!

And the Rooseveltian Center is the center of everything that is popularly alive and that has a long future in the Republican party.

Fortunate Medill McCormick! At least that is how things size up now.

Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

XIV.—OVERSIGHTS IN DECIDING DESTINY

THE disposition to decide destiny for other people is a human infirmity. It is one of the worst. It is worst in the most eminent men. Among the most eminent men, it is worst in the most eminent optimists.

When a man is eminent, without being eminent as an optimist, he may be satisfied with attempts to decide destiny during his own generation so that he can become more eminent, or most eminent. If he is eminent as an optimist, however, and wishes to become more or most eminent, he is likely to undertake to decide the destiny of the next generation, or of ten generations, or of all generations after him.

I am now observing the habits of an eminent optimist of this kind. As he expects to become more, and, finally most eminent, I observe every symptom he shows. His most remarkable symptom at present is his conviction that no matter how I suffer while he is deciding destiny for the next ten generations, it is my glorious privilege to admire him and thank him for his eminent optimism.

At present I am otherwise engaged. I am medi-

tating on the attempt made by eminent optimists to decide destiny for me and my generation just as we were about to appear on earth. They were most active about ten years before I appeared on earth in one of its most favored localities. They raised a good deal of valuable cotton in that locality between 1840 and 1850. They are raising a good deal more now. It is more valuable now than then. But now, as then, optimists who focus attention on it are likely to overlook the extent of the visible universe. They may neglect Mazzaroth in his season. They may not bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or they may forget to loose the bands of Orion. Or they may not guide Arcturus and his sons. No matter how eminent and optimistic they are, they are certain to overlook some small detail in the solar system, even if they have arranged everything on earth to their satisfaction.

If something had not been overlooked so that the unexpected occurred to prevent the realization of destiny, as arranged for me and my generation, I might now be the master of a sufficient number of faithful and devoted "servitors" to cultivate several hundred acres in cotton, in addition to the clover meadows along the creek. The place, of course, would be named "Hybla." As my Flack forbears undertook to decide destiny for their own posterity, there was always to be a place named "Hybla." It was always to have a stream through it, with shaded banks. There were always to be clover meadows along the stream. And on Sundays and other holidays and high days, there was always to be a Flack sitting under the trees, reading Virgil and listening to the soft susurrus of bees in the clover. Reading Virgil aloud under the trees, listening to the hum of honey bees in the clover and raising the honey of Hybla according to Virgil's directions,—that was to be destiny for the Flacks, of Hybla, "*usque in saecula saeculorum.*" Which means, being translated, that as the Flacks, of Hybla, supposed they had decided destiny for me between 1740 and 1840, I am supposed to be doing that now. Ah, yes, Hybla! And the soft hum of Virgilian bees,—peace, honey, a taste for all that is fine and high in the "best classics," and all the rest of it, as the optimists of the Flack family undertook to decide it for me,—what more could I ask? But the Flacks overlooked something. They overlooked politics, among other things.

In politics, everything arranged between 1840 and 1850 was disarranged between 1850 and 1870. The conquest of Mexico did not result in new states with votes enough to control the United States, as planned. In Europe, our friends and supporters overlooked Arcturus and his sons, or something else. The British "Conservatives" of that period were as eminent as optimists ever need to be, but they overlooked U. S. Grant in his log cabin on Gravois Creek, St. Louis County, Mo. Louis Napoleon was certainly eminent as Emperor of the French. Yet the great American empire he formed in Mexico never extended north of the Rio Grande. Destiny, as decided between 1840 and 1850, was re-decided between 1860 and 1870, a year in which I first began to realize the historical importance of Sedan.

As I meditate on the decision of destiny for thirty years before and thirty years after Sedan, I do not complain of the failure of my friends of 1840-50. I will never offer the hospitalities of Hybla to noble visitors from Great Britain. I will never wear the grand cross of the Legion of Honor because of the appreciation of Napoleonic friends in Paris. I will never market from a hundred to two hundred bales of cotton raised by my faithful servitors, to pay the expenses of a visit to London, where, after being presented at court, I might be knighted as "Sir Horace Flack,"—not merely as a tribute to my personal merits, but as means of drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood between all English-speaking peoples. There is no Hybla. I never had a hundred faithful servitors. I never had even one. I may hear bees hum at times, but if it is in a meadow

with a wire fence and a "keep out" sign on it, why complain? I do not. I am not complaining now in any sense of the eminent optimists who would have decided my destiny if they could.

That is, I do not complain of their failures. They educate me. I may yet learn from such education to be tolerant of all human infirmities, including the worst of the eminent living optimists who are now trying to be most eminent. But I will never be willing to trust the decision of destiny to any Mind which overlooks "the sweet influences of the Pleiades," or fails to guide Arcturus and his sons.

The Seven Prayers

By Addison Lewis

I.

"O Father, will You listen to me . . . though I haven't prayed to You since I didn't get that raise I wanted so bad over six months ago? Maybe You don't remember me? . . . Doris Shane. I board at Mrs. Farley's . . . the ribbon counter. You remember, in the third aisle over, at Gawne's. Dark brown hair and nineteen . . . You know I've never had time to be pretty . . . no stylish clothes and having to pay so much for board and lunches and having no time for primping except Sunday when I must wash out my handkerchiefs.

" . . . I must not worry You with such goin's on . . . I will tell You quickly. It happened this morning when I was going to work. I had reached Hammermeister's Jewelry Store. Such a stream of people on the street. I wasn't in such a hurry myself. I was happy because my sales were the largest in the department yesterday . . . (O Father, I can't help yawning, it has been such a long day.) . . . It was right in front of Hammermeister's (I'll always remember) . . . it was in front there, right below where the eye-winker sign hangs . . . there is where I first saw him . . . him!

"Gee, but he was nice! . . . and he was dressed so swell, and his face was so stern and distinguished, like our general manager's, only so much more refined. Most of the girls in front of me had stared at him and given their hats a poke and looked back at him over their shoulders.

"He didn't seem to pay much attention to them . . . So it was funny that when he saw me he took a step and looked at me as though he knew me. I almost stopped and he made me blush so. Then I hurried on very fast. When I turned into Gawne's, he was right behind me, but he passed so straight and dignified . . . it was so like a story I thought he might drop a rose with a note in it.

"Father, I have had a hard day . . . fussy customers and a row with the f. w. because I forgot to get a charge O.K'd. And all the time I was thinking of him. Do you think it is right for me to think so much of him when I do not even know him? . . . I took a good look at our g. m. this afternoon, and he ain't anything compared to him . . . I wish I could see him just once more . . . I am so lonesome! . . . why . . . why did . . . (Oh, I am so tired) . . . You make this town so big?"

II.

"Oh, how I want to thank You, Father, for the way You have fixed things up . . . Such a good Father! Of course You put it into his head to walk right up to my counter this morning . . . even handsomer than yesterday . . . He had on a dark blue suit and he carried a little cane . . . I got hot and cold all over and my hands flew up to my hair. (A man always likes to see a girl's hair well-dressed.)

"Sadie and Ida and me were at the counter . . . He didn't even glance at them. He came right to me. He wanted to buy some ribbon.

"What kind of ribbon?" My voice was almost shaking.

"Blue ribbon.' (I'll bet blue is his favorite color too.)

"How wide?"

"Oh, dear, I thought all ribbon was the same width.' . . . He took some four inches wide and a dollar a yard. O Father, I had the nerve to ask him what he wanted it for.

"Watch fobs."

"I couldn't keep from smiling, and he blushed . . . (You see he's pretty young.) . . . He really didn't care for the ribbon . . . He wanted to talk to me.

"There were two customers waiting and Larry McGowan, the f. w., (he's been out with me twice but at present has a crush on a blonde in the white goods) was glowerin' at me like a tin tiger . . . I didn't care.

"But he didn't stop to talk. He raised his hat and walked away . . . (Gentlemen don't raise their hats to salesladies every day in the year. Not on Your life, Father.)

"Larry and Sadie and Ida were watching us like cats. All three fired the same question: 'Who was that guy?' . . . Father, You will forgive me,—I stiffened up and said, 'Oh, only a gentleman friend.' Larry said something about mashers. But Mr. McGowan hasn't a look-in with him . . .

"It was glorious of You to have him at the door when I got out at six . . . He wasn't any masher at all. He didn't make the least move to stop me . . . O Father, did You make me speak first? . . . 'You needn't be afraid of me,' I said. He smiled . . . Oh, he smiled! He'd wanted to meet me, but he was afraid I might take it as an insult if he spoke to me on the street . . .

"He walked along, saying something about the weather and the crowded streets, when all of a sudden he up and said I must know the truth. He was out after material for a novel . . . there was a big problem in it. I wanted to ask him what the problem was . . . but I don't think he wanted to tell me . . . Anyway I asked him if the ribbon buying wasn't just a stall . . . (I knew it was all the time.) He took it out of his pocket and gave it to me . . . O Father, he has such a fine square look in his eyes. I do trust him.

"He . . . asked . . . to call! What could I say but yes . . . Friday night at eight . . . (Please don't let him forget, or the number either, 16 Dell Place.)

" . . . I found his picture in a magazine—'George Belden King, the leading novelist' . . . I cut it out . . . It's under my pillow . . . And he is coming to call on me! . . .

III.

(Father, if You are very busy tonight I won't keep You long . . . but I have so much to tell.)

" . . . He has just gone, and I thank You for the happiest evening of my life. He came at eight with red roses . . . so grand . . . so sweet smelling . . . He arranged them for me in a vase I borrowed of Mrs. Farley . . . (Such well-shaped hands, fine slender fingers!)

" . . . He talked and talked. He asked me about all the people in the house . . . Mrs. Farley, who supports an invalid son and takes stomach bitters; . . . about Mr. Parks, the fat real estate dealer, . . . eats his breakfast in bed and thinks he has a tenor voice; . . . Miss Hern, the school teacher, saving up to start a ginseng farm; . . . about Mr. Jacobs, the clairvoyant, sells us clam-shell beads to keep away the blues, and Jimmy Finney, up in the attic (the office boy) . . . reads the Bible because his boss has promised him a raise if he finishes it by Christmas.

"I told him I had found out who he was . . . said he knew I would sooner or later. He asked me as a special favor not to read any of his books . . . because they aren't good enough for sensible people like me. (Father, do you think he was kidding me?)

"He asked me about my life and ambitions . . . As if I had any! . . . I thought he'd be disappointed

if I didn't have any . . . I said I wanted to be a great actress like Billie Burke. Was it silly of me?

" . . . I told him how lonesome I was . . . How I'd never had a gentleman friend I'd look at twice . . . He smiled . . . He said that having gentlemen friends wasn't the chief thing in life. . . . O Father, I did so want to ask him if there was anyone that he cared for, but I didn't dare. . . . He asked me if I liked music . . . would I care to hear the 'Pop' next Sunday . . . I almost cried for joy . . . Yes? . . . What else could I say? (I must turn the braid on my hat . . . mend the little finger on my left glove. My best shoes don't need blacking . . . I'll rub 'em hard with a towel.) . . . Then he said goodnight . . . and I heard him whistling softly when he reached the street . . . O Father, I'd come (say, wouldn't I come!), if he whistled for me."

IV.

"I suppose You are tired, Father, of listening to the things that You know about already . . . There is no one I can tell everything except You, but I know you are very patient and must have to listen to lots of people who are more tiresome than me."

" . . . He came at three o'clock with a wonderful bunch of violets. I had on my brown suit with my brown sailor hat and my brown gloves and shoes. (I've been told that I have quite good taste . . . he said I looked as sweet as a flower . . . He pinned on the violets . . . just in the right place on my jacket. Their perfume made me feel so proud and aristocratic. (Is that the right word, Father?))

"I didn't feel a bit nervous when we came out on the walk, but I just held my head up . . . We talked about the wonderful music we were to hear . . . People looked at us too . . . at him so tall and fine, swinging his little thin cane . . . at me with my dark hair and clear complexion. (Forgive me, Father, I know it's beyond the ordinary.)

"When we got to the hall it was almost time for the concert to begin. . . . There was a great humming and buzzing back of the curtain . . . the seats were full of people all talking at once . . . We had nice seats in the center of the house, . . . I was awfully surprised . . . Larry McGowan and his blonde friend were right next to us! Larry looked thunderstruck. . . . I smiled and said 'how-do-you-do' . . . then forgot all about them."

" . . . My, but I felt proud to be with him. . . . So many people turned to look . . . I guess they recognized him . . . (Father, you remember that I thanked You for my good luck right in the middle of the concert.)

" . . . He explained so carefully about the rhapsodies and the themes and things that I made out I understood all about them. (Was it wrong of me, Father?))

" . . . The last thing they played was a meditation, they called it so on the program, played very soft on the violins. . . . I sat still with my eyes closed and my hands folded. . . . I sort of had a thought that I didn't have to work in Gawne's store any more. . . . I was sitting in an awfully pretty room by his side. . . . Then the music stopped . . . everyone began to put on their things. . . . I opened my eyes and he was smiling at me. . . . He laughed and asked me what I had been dreaming about."

"Something very foolish," I said.

" . . . O Father, I believe Mr. King is the most observing man in the world. When we got home, he noticed that I was wearing just a little band of black velvet around my throat. . . . 'You ought to have a coral necklace to set off that wonderful hair and complexion,' he said (I thought he was kidding me again.)

"Really," I said.

" . . . When he was leaving he asked the date of my birthday. I told him October 10, that's next week . . . O Father, please don't make him think he's got to get me one."

"After he'd gone Larry came in. Gee, but Mc-

Gowan was polite. I think he knows who Mr. King is. . . . He asked me to go to the Wednesday dance at Mack's Hall."

" . . . 'How about your blonde friend, Mr. McGowan?'"

"Don't mention her. There's nothing to it at all." . . . I said I'd go, finally, but I'm just going to stay for ten dances. . . . He thanked me with tears in his eyes. . . . Said I was the finest kid he ever knew. (Gee, but I never realized what a coarse boy Larry is, until now.) . . . Father, You and Mr. King won't be angry at me, if he knew I was going to the dance with Larry, will you?"

V.

"I thank You once more, O Father, for giving me the kindest man in the world for a friend. . . . When I got home tonight there were two packages on my bureau done up in white paper. . . . Six beautiful chrysanthemums! I remember I told him they were my favorite flower, although I never had but one that Larry gave me when we went to a show one night after a big football game . . . These were grand . . . grand! When I lifted them from the box, out fell a note. . . . I opened the smallest package. . . . A pink coral necklace! I burst right out crying. I was so terribly happy!"

" . . . The note said that he had not forgotten my birthday . . . hoped I'd like the beads and the flowers . . . might he come up next Saturday evening and bring a friend?"

"I scribbled him a little note full of 'wonderfuls' and 'thank-you-ever-so-muches' . . . said I'd be so glad to see him and his friends."

" . . . Just the same I'd rather not. What do You think, Father? Do You think his friend is any nicer than him? If he is I don't want to see him . . . on the level I don't."

VI.

" . . . Oh dear, . . . Hum-m-m-mmm! (Excuse me, Father, but I simply can't help it. I am so tired.) I had a fine time at the dance with Larry. (I am calling him 'Mr. McGowan' now. It makes him so mad.) . . . Danced through every number and three extras . . . such perfectly lovely rags! (Father, do you really think it's as bad as ministers make out to do the tickle toe? I love it.) . . . Larry is a good dancer if he wouldn't say 'them' for 'those' and 'this here' and 'that there.' . . . He is so crude about helping a lady on and off a car!"

"I made quite a hit with my plain white dress and my new beads. Lots of people asked Larry for dances. . . . Larry called me a peacherine! . . . (What do you suppose *He* would have called me?)"

" . . . Larry asked me to go to a show some night next week. I told him I might if I didn't have another date. Father, can you ever forgive me for being so mean?"

" . . . Only three days before *He* comes with his friend. O Father, I wish You could tell me something about that friend."

VII.

"Father . . . Father . . . You have to be cruel to some in this world, but why . . . ? . . . Why did You do it . . . ? I can't understand at all."

" . . . Why did You ever let me see him, why did You ever let me know that such a man lived? Why did You let me get to like him the best of anyone in the world? . . . Just to break my heart?"

"Father, I'm wretched. . . . I'm all played out . . . Doesn't seem as if it was worth while to do anything any more . . . even to breathe. It doesn't, it doesn't."

"He . . . They came at four o'clock. I had put on my white dress and my necklace and arranged my hair ever so simply. (I did look sweet.) . . . The chrysanthemums were in my water pitcher. . . . They were still fresh and sweet. . . . I didn't have a single worry. I was thinking, and dreaming . . . a little. O Father, I will never dream again. . . ."

"The door bell rang and my breath came quickly and my heart was beating very fast. I heard his beautiful voice, and Mrs. Farley said, 'Go right up.' . . . I heard them on the creaky stairs. My door is opposite the stairs and I opened it at once to meet him. . . . He saw me and called up, 'Good afternoon, my lady, I see you have really got it on. . . . Even more becoming than I thought it would be! Don't you think that coral fits well with Miss Shane's style of beauty, Adelaide?'"

" . . . 'Adelaide . . . Adelaide!' I had opened my lips to speak, but my words seemed to fade away and die. . . ."

"Yes, indeed, you have a wonderful eye for color, George."

" . . . Doris, I want you to meet Miss Adelaide Proctor, whom I soon expect to make my wife.' . . . He spoke in a joking way, bowing first to her and then to me. . . . A kind of haze came over my eyes and I put my hand against the door to steady me."

" . . . 'Very glad to meet you, Miss Proctor. Won't you come in?' I heard myself say. . . . The next thing, I was sitting on my sofa bed beside Miss Proctor and she had my hand in hers, and he was sitting in my chair. She was talking to me in a lively way. She had a pretty voice, like the chime of a little bell in a clock that we used to have back home."

"I have been dying to meet you," she said. 'Mr. King has told me how good you have been to help him with the material for his book. . . . Simply splendid. . . . A wonderful place you live in, among school teachers saving up to start ginseng farms and office boys who read the Bible. I envy you, I really do.'

"Adelaide forgets, Doris," he said, 'how hard these people have to work and how little pleasure they get out of life.'

"But I do not forget," she said, with such a pretty little frown. 'Indeed, I don't. You know I have always been interested in social service.'

"Pardon me, Adelaide, I forgot for the moment.' . . . 'Ah, here are the chrysanthemums. . . . How nice and fresh they look!'"

" . . . I couldn't say anything. I had unclasped my necklace. . . . I felt it was choking me. Miss Proctor took it out of my hand and fastened it about her own neck."

" . . . 'Isn't it pretty, George? How does it look on me?'"

"Splendid.' . . . It was very becoming. Her hair is much darker than mine . . . her complexion is very fair . . . she has awfully pretty lips and teeth. (But, O Father, she isn't a bit prettier than me. If I only had her chance.) . . . When I saw the necklace on her, a red mist came before my eyes. . . . I couldn't see. . . ."

" . . . I put out both my hands to her. 'Take the beads, take the beads, they belong to you.'

"Both of them were so surprised they couldn't speak for a minute. Then she said she was so sorry. . . . She hadn't meant to make me cry. It was my own necklace and I must keep it always. . . . She said I ought to feel honored that Mr. King was going to make me the heroine of his novel. . . . That made me cry harder than ever. . . . I knew what our friendship had meant to him and me."

"He said there were going to be better times ahead for me. He had got me a fine position in a private library at high wages. The harder I tried to stop the tears coming the harder they came. . . . Finally Miss Proctor said, 'I believe the greatest kindness we can do her is to go away and leave her alone.' . . . O Father, I will thank her for that all my life."

"Mr. King didn't say anything, but he got up and opened the door. Miss Proctor bent over to me and kissed me on the forehead. . . . Then they both went away."

"O Father . . . My Father!"

Baltic Fogs

By Carl Sandburg

STARVING FINLAND

I HAVE seen strong men trying to live on a ration of two herrings a day.
I have seen the starving pick thistles in summer and try to make soup.
I and a comrade raked a pair of horse lungs out of a garbage pile and of this we made a stew and ate; it was hard to swallow and keep down.
I would not tell these things if I had not been among living men in Finland and seen them myself.

They run to a biblical simplicity—the stories of men out of Finland these days. One who came out of the White Guard prison at Sveaborg had a story to tell at Stockholm. It would fill a book all told. These are some of the high spots of it:

"I was a Red Guard. Our army held all Finland except a narrow strip at the north where the Mannerheim army lay till German forces arrived. We didn't have machine guns, howitzers and shells to match them. They drove us south till they held all Finland.

"My company was cut off in Helsingfors. We put three cannon on a boat and tried to slip out through the German fleet patrols. It was no go. They got us and we were sent to Sveaborg.

"Here we were, 380 men in one room, all sitting up because there wasn't room to stretch out on the floor. When we slept it was sitting up. A few had floor space enough to stretch out. They took turns with others who stood up.

"Three days to begin with we got nothing to eat. The fourth day we got four small potatoes and four small Baltic herring. The day's bread supply was 100 grams at six o'clock. This was our daily ration for a week. Then a thin soup was added at noon. We asked for salt and were told there was enough salt in the herring to do us.

"At first we had German bread or Russian hard tack. This changed to a mixture of flax seed and rye. Blooey! It was hard to get down and keep down.

"The guards? At first they were White Finns. We took them prisoners the first month of the war and let them go. It was all snarls and curses from them. The German guards who came later were worse. They hated us because we hated their kaiser.

"We were shifted to a barracks with a floor space 100 by 30 meters for 1,500 prisoners. Nobody kept clean. The stench was thick. Three weeks here and no bread or potato rations. Three days we had nothing but two herrings apiece for food. Then during three weeks our only food was four small Baltic herrings a day. Seventy died the last two weeks.

"Each day saw leaders of the revolution taken at night. When morning came they were gone and never heard of again except that they were shot by machine guns one hundred at a time. In April and May over 3,000 were killed in these executions at Sveaborg.

"Hearings began with a magistrate and a soldier at a table asking questions. Most who came back without being convicted were black and blue with bruises. One of my best friends came back with three front teeth knocked out.

"Some were promised freedom if they would tell on others. Those who fell for that promise often told so many things known to be false that they were sent out to the firing squads along with the people they had betrayed.

"From nine o'clock through all that night nobody was allowed to leave his place on the barracks floor. The filth was putrefying. Sometimes a man or woman shrieked and moaned and went mad.

"Prisoners stole each others' food occasionally.

When caught, the guards gave them two days in solitary with no food.

"At Sveaborg friends outside were not allowed to bring us food. Sick, stupid, half-crazy they died by the hundreds and every morning saw the guards come in to haul away those who passed their last breath in the night.

"I was shifted to a barracks where prisoners were kept for reserve labor. Friends could bring me food here. The six weeks I was here not one died. There were some here, however, who had no friends outside. The head physician gave them permission to pick thistles and make soup. Once, they cooked some horse bones foraged from outside. They boiled these horse bones three days, crushed them and served them as soup. We called this place the 'dog and cat barracks.'

"Next I was shifted to a barracks supposed to hold those condemned to death. Here was less to eat than any place I had been. I and a comrade raked a pair of horse lungs out of a garbage pile. We made a stew and ate it. It was hard to swallow and keep down. The stench in the barracks lasted a week.

"Two prisoners were digging graves near the barracks for comrades executed that morning. Guards shot women prisoners just arrived from Ekenas for talking with the grave diggers.

"I saw prisoners let out after months here. They walked a few steps. Then they leaned against a wall. Then they staggered a little way further and rested again.

"I am alive only because I had 1,500 Finnish marks hidden on me and by paying the guards they would let friends outside send in food. How I escaped I cannot tell till Finland is free.

"Everywhere in Finland are women and children begging on the streets. The law says no, but they go on begging, the only way of life left them. They are the women and children of the 100,000 socialists killed, jailed or exiled in Finland in the year 1918."

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I understand there was a time in Europe when it was bad form for the guests of a first-class hotel to keep things to eat in their rooms, smeary and greasy things like butter or molasses. Today, however, it is a sign of authenticated prowess, a certificate of enterprise and resource, for a man to have a little silver box of butter or a small bucket of marmalade, anything sweet or fat, as a combination piece of decoration and utility in his hotel room.

In Christiania I called on Constantine Greaves at the Grand Hotel, than which none is grander unless you leave it to the Stockholm Swedes who have a Grand Hotel of their own. I do not know, as I write, whether it is proper to refer to Constantine Greaves as Count Greaves or Mr. Greaves or Herr or Senor. He was a count, that is certain. But if he should go back to where he gained that title and derive authority for it, he would be hanged or shot, probably. At least it is sure he would be taken to a bolshevik booby hatch and held there for a once-over in soviet judicature.

If the foundation of your past life has broken loose and the bottom of it dropped into Nowhere, and it seems as though by no turn of the tides of fate can the old foundations ever again be restored in their old dignity and titles, you may in such circumstances be able to retain the courteous behavior and the modulated vocables that distinguish the true nobleman. You may be successful at playing a debonair role in life, as Constantine Greaves doubtless did, the debonair being inherent in him when life goes at an even, accustomed tenor. But the probabilities are that when the foundations are swept away and the footing is a changing chaos, you will occasionally break into a guttural of fear or rage, a splutter of voice that says unmistakably, "Where do we go from here?"

So it was with Greaves when I came to see him and hear him at the Grand Hotel (than which none is grander) in Christiania. He was Chamberlain to

the Imperial Court at Petrograd, was Greaves. In the czar's summer palace and the czar's winter palace, he told 'em where to get off. He perfected the appointments, supervised the costumes, and was custodian of the silver dinner sets that in cost price and outward looks outrivaled all other soup tureens and eating utensils amongst the select classes of Europe. He was the big say-so on who was who and which was whicher and whether the Rajah of Bungalow should walk first or the Ahkoond of Swat precede into the presence of His Majesty. It was understood that if His Majesty had suspicion of his coffee or wine, if it looked like there was rough on rats or Paris green in it, then the duty devolved on the Chamberlain of the Court to taste it. The job had minor risks as well as major responsibilities.

My appointment with the count was for 10 a. m. I was a half hour late because the police of Christiania wanted me to sign papers as to who I was, why in town and how soon I would leave. I was a piece of human spindrift flung up on their shores to be checked off on the daily annals. So, after an early morning pyjama interview with two detectives and a later exhibition of documents and attestations at police headquarters, I arrived late to see the count.

In his room . . . there he sat . . . the former Chamberlain of the Imperial Court of Russia . . . in a union suit of underwear, a pair of slippers, and a mackintosh. Toast, fish and tea were on a tray—his breakfast. For dessert, he was eating bread cut from a loaf taken out of a tall trunk. On the bread he put honey from a pot in the window fronting on Karl Johan's Gade.

The glass pot of honey was cracked and the thick smear of it trailed across the window ledge into spoons, a pair of cuff buttons and a pair of socks. Outside a December drizzle of cold thin rain. And a statue of Ibsen almost shrugging two strong humped shoulders in front of the National theater.

You, the reader of this, assuming that you are an average well-read American of at least the 1910 class of MIRROR readers, are easily able to write nine-tenths of all that Constantine Greaves told me during a two-hour talk. His job is propaganda and counter-revolution. If curses and wishes could do it for him every Bolshevik on the broad acres of Russia would drop dead this tick of the clock—now. It was my work to lead him from constant repetitions verbatim of stories and viewpoints already spread round so much of the world as knows the alphabet, and on into things he knew from his own eyesight and hearing, or on into his own honest personal viewpoints.

One thing stood out. This former member of the Russian imperial court is definite about his old job being restored either to him or some other person. "The Russian peasant does not believe in democracy," said Greaves. "He has always lived under a monarchy and his religion has told him that government should be done by others, that government comes from God. He will not believe that he can operate the government himself." This was an aside, delivered to throw light on why the Bolsheviks will fail in their claims that the peasants can run the government of Russia. Another aside, entirely a subsidiary remark for personal satisfaction and as a minor illumination of a major theme, was the exclamation: "The Russian peasant is a beast." Flung out as a rapid and incidental guttural, this was merely a revelation that the attaches of the czar's old court still hold to the belief expressed by the zarina in her last letter to him while he was czar, "What the peasant needs is the whip."

I learned why the count was so willing to see me. It was *quid pro quo*. He wanted all I had about the psychology of President Wilson and what the President would do in Paris. Was there any hope at all that the President would join an intervention in Russia? If not troops would America at least supply arms, munitions and supplies to the intervening forces? Was there any hope that a representa-

tive from Russia could get to Wilson and present the plans of the pro-interventionists?

"How many are in the Red Guard army now?" I asked. "About 1,000,000 men but only 100,000 real soldiers that can fight. In addition to the soldiers fighting the Red Guard, only 200,000 of reinforcements from the Allies and America are needed to reach Moscow. In Ukraina, which has been taken from the Bolsheviks, the railroads are good. Look at the map and you will see they go near to Moscow. It would be easy with 200,000 men to take Moscow and rid the world forever of bolshevism."

And what will President Wilson do? This was the recurring question in varied forms throughout. My answer was that the only situation in the past by which I could judge Wilson's future policy in this regard was the President's hand and voice in the Mexican layout. There, I told the ex-chamberlain, the hand of the President has supported the voice of the Wilson who said to the Common Counsel Club at Washington:

"These are days that search men's hearts. These are solemn days when all the moral standards of mankind are about to be finally tried out. I was talking one day with a gentleman who was expounding to me the very familiar idea that somebody—I dare say he would have preferred to name the persons—should act as guardians and trustees for the people of the neighboring republic of Mexico. I said: 'I defy you to show me a single example in history in which liberty and prosperity were ever handed down from above.' Prosperity and liberty for the great masses have never come by favor; they have always come by right and the only competent expounders of right are the men who covet the opportunity to exercise them. *When I see the crust even so much as slightly broken over the heads of a population which has always been directed by a board of trustees, I make up my mind that I will thrust not only my arm but my heart in the aperture and that only by crushing every ounce of power that I can use shall any man ever close that opening up again.*"

As an American citizen I told the Romanoff henchman I couldn't see where he would get what he wants until an outright imperialist government is running America.

I took my hat to go and noted again the honey on the window ledge was gaining on the cuff buttons and the sox. And outside the thin December rain drizzled and the statue of Ibsen half-hid in the fog almost shrugged its two strong humped shoulders.

An Old Man Revisits a Garret

By Susan M. Boogher

CHARACTERS.

AN OLD MAN.

A YOUTH.

SCENE—A garret in Paris.

TIME—A winter afternoon in 1778.

THE rise discovers a squalid garret. Through snow-banked windows the light of late afternoon falls upon miserable objects—a desk piled with ragged books, a globe of the world battered and shaky that is prominent on the floor. The only chair in the room is occupied by a young man, who leans his head wearily upon his hand. He stamps occasionally, endeavoring to warm himself. . . . The silence is broken by a sound of creaking stairs. A quavering voice is heard cursing breathlessly. There is a peremptory knock upon the door at center-back. The young man springs up, galvanized into anger. He throws open the door, which hangs crookedly on worn-out hinges. In the entrance stands a little, shriveled, panting, old man, muffled in a thousand wraps. Only very brilliant hawk-eyes are visible.

YOUNG MAN: You knocked?

OLD MAN: (Panting) Useless question, young

man! (Panting) I knocked, yes! If you mean, "What do you want here," say so! Exactness, conciseness, brevity! Cultivate exactness, young man, cultivate — (Pants) — conciseness, brevity (He enters) Your garret is cold . . . Colder than I remember it. (He peers around in the fading light.)

YOUNG MAN: You know this garret?

OLD MAN: (Laughs, cackles rather) Know this garret! (Trailing a yard of muffler behind him, he darts in a bird-like way to the dormer window, and stands a moment impatiently extricating claw-like fingers from his heavy gloves. Then he scratches on the wall. Uttering a cry of triumph, he beckons his host to the corner.) See! My initials! And the date, 1718! . . . Yes, young man, I knew this garret well when I was your age—sixty years ago! I knew this cold. And hunger. . . . You are hungry?

YOUNG MAN: Useless question, old man! Isn't hunger always handmaiden to garrets and to cold?

OLD MAN: Well said! I like you better, boy, and the things you say.

YOUNG MAN: Things said from the heart are usually well said.

OLD MAN: (Testily) Things said from the stomach, you mean. Be exact, young man, be exact!

YOUNG MAN: Who are you?

OLD MAN: (Who is peering reminiscently into the dim corners of the room, stumbles over the battered world, and kicks it angrily across the stage) Malediction! You're in my way, old world! (Laughs meaningly) You've always been in my way, old world. And so I kick you, world! (Kicks with surprising vigor) And so! And so! And so!

YOUNG MAN: (Endeavoring to restrain him) Stop it! Leave me the world! (He tries out a kick) I, too, have got a kick in me for the world! (A sardonic mirth rises above the spitefulness in both men. They laugh.)

OLD MAN: What is your name, young man? Who are you?—you who have yet to kick the world?

YOUNG MAN: Robespierre. Nobody. Ask me that question fifteen years from now! (Suddenly) Who are you?

OLD MAN: (Shrugging) Who am I? I? . . . For sixty years I've sought to find out who I am. (Falls into profound contemplation) Personality . . . Ego . . . I . . . Who am I? . . . Through yesterdays of a lifetime I have sought the answer to that question. Through tomorrows of eternity shall I find the answer? . . . (In a different voice) If there are tomorrows in eternity!

YOUNG MAN: (In staring amazement) What is your name?

OLD MAN: (Drops philosophizing. Testily) My name? *Mon dieu*, young man, be exact! Why do you ask me "Who are you" if you mean "What is your name?"

YOUNG MAN: What is your name?

OLD MAN: Voltaire.

YOUNG MAN: Voltaire!

OLD MAN: (Cackles) Amusing, isn't it, the great Voltaire revisits the garret where he starved in his obscurity. (Laughs long and bitterly) The great Voltaire, whom Paris kills with honor. (Crossly) Oh, yes, it's killing me: these fetes and plays and acclaiming mobs! This crowning at the Academy! It's killing me. I'm an old man . . . despite I still can kick the world.

YOUNG MAN: (In a whisper) Why has the King recalled you? Why does he receive you in France again? You—for forty years an exile?

OLD MAN: (Significantly) Falling kings grow generous. Tottering thrones . . . forgive.

YOUNG MAN: Do you realize what you're saying?

OLD MAN: (Succinctly) Not quite.

YOUNG MAN: "Falling kings grow generous! . . . Tottering thrones forgive."

OLD MAN: (Querulously) I'm an old man . . . I'm growing cranky . . . and today I stole away from audience with the King. I escaped them, the yelping fools at court! And came down here where once

I dreamed of kings and courts and greatness. (Turns sardonically to the young man) I suppose you, too, you starving boy, I suppose you, too, dream of kings and courts and greatness.

YOUNG MAN: (Bitterly) No . . . I dream of revolution!

OLD MAN: (Galanically) Young man! For sixty years I've lived and worked for liberty—of speech, of thought, of press! For sixty years I've slaved to make France a land of toleration. (He shrugs bitterly) And what have I seen in France? France that should rightly lead the world in liberty? *Mon dieu!* Louis XV gives place to Louis XVI; a wicked man succeeded by a weak! The deluge grows. I hear its roar! (He shudders.)

YOUNG MAN: I wonder if the world suspects the deluge . . .

OLD MAN: (They are standing, heads together, in the attitude of conspirators) Listen! Today Benjamin Franklin called upon me. We discussed politics, French politics. World politics. . . . The great American anticipates the deluge!

YOUNG MAN: What can America know of the deluge?

OLD MAN: (Prophetically) America, young man, is destined to be the ark of the world against the deluge.

YOUNG MAN: (Incredulously) America?

OLD MAN: (Suddenly very tired) It is all so stupid: the deluge. I envy Franklin. I envy more the young grandson he brought to call upon me . . . to be young in a free country!

YOUNG MAN: (Crossing to his desk) France, too, shall be a free country. (He searches among his books, and brings out a battered volume. The old man's eyes light up when he reads the title. Then he grows grave.)

OLD MAN: So! You read me . . . Good! Good! (Opens volume) Men who read me will go far. Far. (Turns several pages) France who has read me will go far. Far . . . I am an old man. Perhaps in my dotage. I am famous . . . and so I know nothing any more. My fame fences me in from facts. The people who surround me are courtiers to me. You are a stranger. We shall never meet again. I like your eyes . . . and your ideas. You have no fame to fence you in from facts. You starve with the truth. (Searchingly) Tell me! Will France survive the deluge? *Have her young men vision?*

YOUNG MAN: No man in France today thinks beyond the deluge. No man in France today sees any vision but the deluge. (He touches the old man almost affectionately) It should have come sooner: the deluge. You, I think, are the only man in France who sees the vision in the deluge.

OLD MAN: (Watching him with hawk-like intensity) And I am done for . . . Old . . . Used up . . . God! I envy you, your garret and your youth . . . (Looks about longingly) Well! Well! (Begins crankily to wrap his muffler about his neck) The old grumble to be young. The young grumble to be old. . . . Perhaps in sixty years you'll come back to this garret and some starving boy will ask you who you are. And when you answer, "*Robespierre*" he will need to ask no further. Sixty years, young man? Yesterday . . . I was here! Tomorrow . . . you will return!

YOUNG MAN: Sixty years . . . (He stares before him clairvoyantly) Men who ride the deluge do not return. Men who set the world aflame must perish in the flames. The revolution will devour its children. (Looks about him in a daze) I shall not return!

OLD MAN: (Passionately) I envy you!

YOUNG MAN: No man in France has lived for liberty as worthily as you, Voltaire.

OLD MAN: (Crossly) Yes. Yes. I've lived for liberty. But the test is death. (Crankily) Where's the end of my muffler? I must go. (He muffles up fussily) However, I'm not sorry I came. I'm not sorry to have met you. (The young man assists him. He is finished at last with his wraps and shuffles

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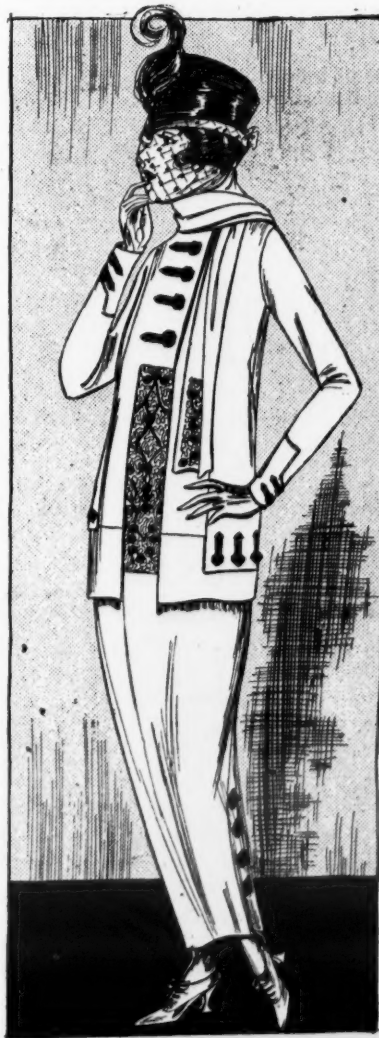
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Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney

out. One hears him descending the creaky stairs, muttering at intervals "Robespierre," "Nobody.")

The Young Man stands listening. When all is quiet, he whispers to himself "Voltaire!" Then he crosses to the window, and begins to turn the pages of Voltaire's book. It grows dark. Impatient of the interruption, he stops a moment to light the smoky lamp on the table, and immediately bends again over the volume. Every now and then he stamps to warm himself.

CURTAIN.

The Tragedy of Job

By Otto Heller

THE NEW GOD IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

IN his admirable volume, "The Modern Reader's Bible," Professor Richard G. Moulton, extolling the literary value of Hebrew poetry, states his belief that if a jury of persons well instructed in literature were empaneled to pronounce upon the question, "What is the greatest poem in the world's great literatures?" a large majority would give their verdict in favor of the Book of Job. The opinion of a scholar of cosmopolitan range of taste and knowledge ought not to be lightly challenged. And even though his peremptory superlative might not stand the practical test of a caucus, no fault need be found with his enthusiastic advertisement of the Old Testament at a time when a keen objective interest in the great ancient creations hardly survives among our overturning conceptions of culture. At the same time, the comparative grading of art monuments within the loftiest order brings no real critical profit, because, after all, every truly great achievement is strictly *sui generis*, and so it might be enough to rank the unknown author of Job among the small and noble company of world poets, without specific rating. The preëminence of a literary product can hardly be established otherwise than through the steady appeal of which it has shown itself capable in the passage of ages and through its power of sustaining or reawakening a vivid interest in periods long subsequent to its origin. The Book of Job has passed this test with the highest honors.

Whether recent experimentation has shown its fitness for the stage is left an open question. The performance of "Job" by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, the Harvard Menorah Society, and, still more recently, its successful "run" under the direction of Mr. Stuart Walker of Portmanteau fame demonstrate hardly more than that the technic of the modern theatre is able to galvanize into a momentary dramatic life any product of distinctive artistic merit if at all related to drama. But apart from its availability for the theatre the permanent vitality of Job is clinchingly established by the appreciation, among the reading, of its rhythmical and imaginative beauties as well as of the depth and grandeur of its ideation.

Yet Job is by no means one of those creations of poetry whose pellucid simplicity makes comment supererogatory. On the contrary, its surprisingly original inmost meaning must remain opaque to anyone who will not take the trouble of viewing this remarkable composition under the X-rays of modern special scholarship. The principal obstacle to a spontaneous grasp of its full import springs from a seeming incoherence of thought and incongruity of style. The stream of thought fluctuates between the sublime or profound, and the utterly commonplace; and there is also much unsteadiness in the states of feeling. But the inconsistency and obscurity caused by the sudden transitions in the drift of the poem disappear the instant they are recognized as the skillful reflection of the diverse positions maintained by the several parties to a sharp and engrossing debate. Obviously, then, it is well to ascertain at the outset to which literary *genre* Job belongs, or measurably approaches.

As early as the sixteenth century some biblical scholars clearly recognized a dramatic structure in

the book, and one of them went so far as to divide it into acts and scenes. In our own time the same feeling about its intention has resulted in two dramatic reconstructions. Professor Moulton, in his arrangement of Job as "a dramatic poem framed in an epic story" abstained from any changes besides the indication of *dramatis personae*, the omission of the narrative introductory sentences of the various chapters, and the addition of a limited array of scenic directions.

A much bolder departure is taken by Dr. Horace Meyer Kallen, in his recently published volume, "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored, with an Introductory Essay on the Original Form and Philosophic Meaning of Job."

For the extraordinary liberties which Dr. Kallen takes with the text of Job he derives a sort of initial warrant from his thesis that Job is a play patterned after Euripides, in support of which thesis Dr. Kallen marshals an abundance of general and special erudition, although his own faith in the finality of the argument is thrown into doubt. The most striking feature of his reconstruction is the transposition of certain parts, heretofore under strong suspicion as regards their authenticity, to more suitable places in the text, where they are assigned to a chorus commenting intermittently, with a Grecian aloofness from the action, upon the movement of the story.

The praise of Wisdom in Chapter 24, and the description of Behemoth and Leviathan in Chapter 40 are two notable cases in point. Thus in the Kallen *rifacimento* the great debate falls into three parts, corresponding to the acts or scenes of a play and each obtaining a choral installment. Kallen would have us regard the transplantation of these passages as a mere restoration to their true organic position, but his contention that they were misplaced intentionally lest the whole work should fall under the orthodox anathema against the theatre smacks rather strongly of the Baconian superstition.

Inasmuch as Job was composed about 400 B. C. there is nothing absurd in the proposition that the poet may have come under the influence of the Greek theatre without even leaving Palestine, and that the technic of Greek tragedy may have been consciously imitated by him in its chief characteristics, even if we disbelieve in the chorus conjectured by Dr. Kallen from the dictional and rhythmic distinctiveness of certain passages. At all events, there is the somewhat perfunctory preamble, balanced at the other end by an almost cavalierly epilogue. There is, furthermore, the small and well-individualized cast of principals, the swiftly moving and wholly uncomplicated action, and, in correspondence to the stereotyped "god from the machine," the less mechanical and dramatically more forceful contrivance of Epiphany.

Yet all this is not enough to admit Job to full standing as a theatric play. In a real drama, action is, after all, the main thing. It is true, alas, that tragic heroism may, in the individual case, consist wholly in the endurance of pain, but a tragedy of that sort would miss its mark on the stage. The vital appeal of a play depends primarily upon a palpable and forward-moving action. Drama touches the human interest by serving as a digest of the universal emotional experience, and in order effectively to epitomize reality it must take account of the inevitable coexistence and interaction, in reality, of Doing and Enduring as the two essential ingredients of life. As for the theatre, the assertive side of human existence is necessarily much more effective there than the passive, for theatre means show-house, and its interest cannot thrive upon the ventilation of single ideas in solitary, lengthened situations.

That Job was ever intended for the stage or that it is available for it otherwise than as a curiosity seems hardly an acceptable view. The ancient Hebrews, with their rigid opposition to the human form in art, could have no relation whatsoever to the theatre. It is true that in our own days Messrs.

Frohman, Klaw-Erlanger, Shubert Brothers, Hammerstein, Ziegfeld, etc., *ont changé tout cela*, but their ardor in the cause of the theatre can surely not be made retroactive for their ancestors.

The Procrustean twisting of the Book of Job into the frame of a regular play seems all the more useless since by the hurrying tempo of the stage its cardinal message would be proportionately weakened. Job at best is not an "acting" drama but a drama of ideas, or to speak more precisely, not categorically a drama at all, but merely a "dramatic poem." The invocation *per contra* of kindred compositions would be futile, for even though Goethe's "Faust" and Lessing's "Nathan" do not owe their immortal glory to qualities lying within the normal ken of the stage, yet both of them comply, by and large, with the conventional theatric requirements. The tragedy of Job, on the contrary, is strictly a drama of the inner life, and hence demands severe attention to its movement of thought. Job has to be read with consummate care, slowly, resumptively, repeatedly. Its subtlety would not brook the lack of concentration inevitable in the theatre. Anyway, it will not yield its true significance to the furtive contact.

Irrespective of any prepense of fortuitous analogies it may have with Hellenic literature, the Book of Job is characteristically Judaic in that its dialectics gravitate about the pivotal concern of Jewish thinking—a fixed theory of life erected upon a fixed idea of God. Inasmuch as in this basic aspect the work possesses a firmer unity than perhaps any other book of the Old Testament, it is irrelevant for the purpose in hand that otherwise it betrays a certain lack of unity. In all probability only Chapters III-XXXI emanate from the "Great Unknown"; the remainder is pronounced by expert Orientalists, on philological grounds, to be a medley by different composers. But also the integrity of the portion allotted by consensus to the *Poeta Maximus* is under suspicion, notably Chapters XXIV-XXVIII, and even Yahweh's great speech with the stupendous description of Behemoth and Leviathan is alluvial, in the judgment of some authorities.

The Book of Job is probably founded upon a primitive legend, greatly ennobled in this treatment by a rhythmic flow progressing consonantly in the story and the accompanying movement of nature, and culminating simultaneously in a majestic climax. In the exposition of the contending ideas, the temperamental distinctness of the several debaters is skillfully reflected. The artistic merit of the work as a whole is still further enhanced by the wonderful appeal of the various lyrical outbursts.

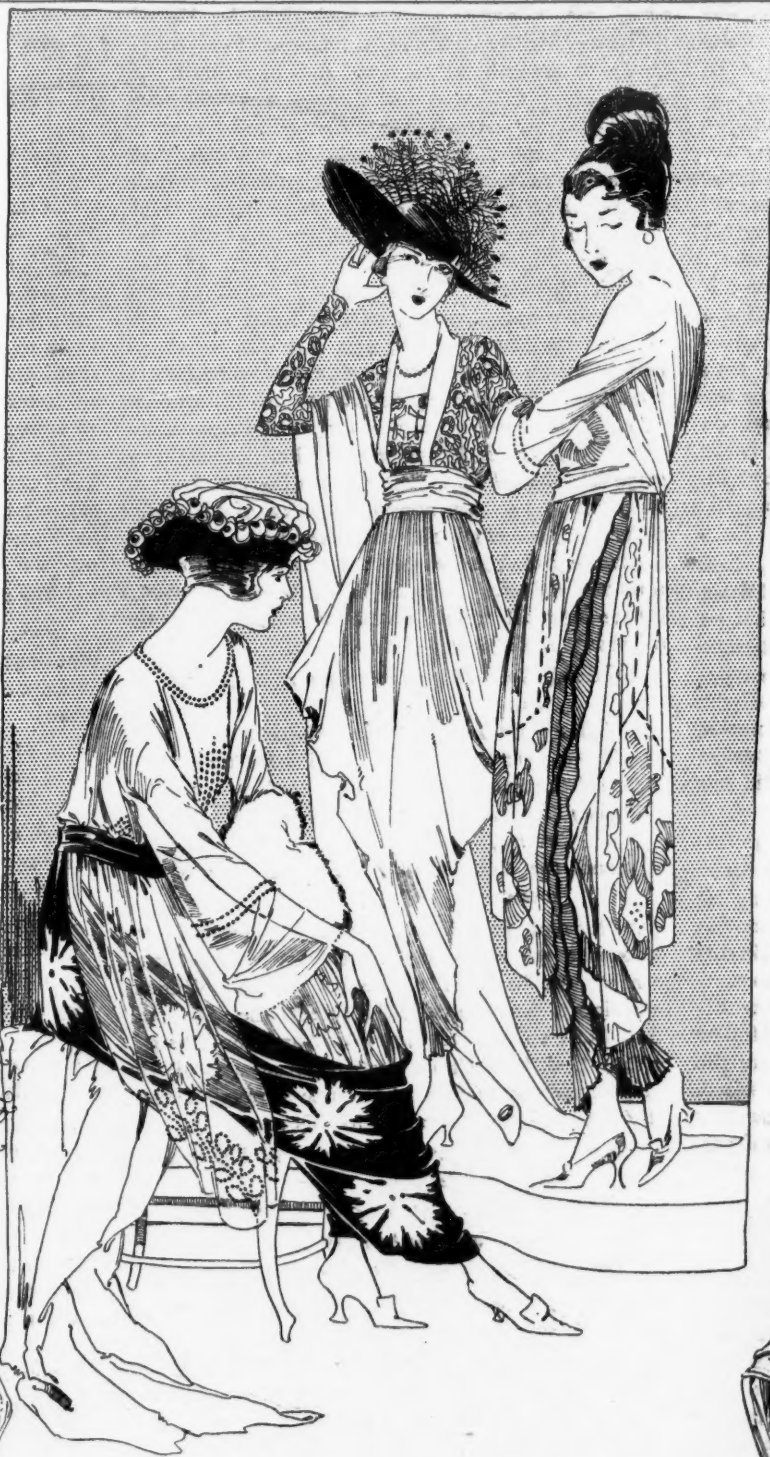
The somewhat recondite bearing of the Book of Job springs readily into relief if the story is recapitulated, without orthodox timidity, in its essential features.

✱

The poem, or, imaginably, the play, opens with a narrative prologue, the scene of which alternates between earth and the heavenly regions, in like manner as that encountered in some of the medieval mystery plays. This preliminary account reveals a view of human suffering, abject and undeserved, yet hardly hopeless in the eyes of the objective beholder, since, in a competition between God and the Devil, the defeat of the evil one should be a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, in the cold-blooded wager for the soul of Job there lies the teasing hint of an idea of God fundamentally different from the traditional and current. Nor, on the other side, does Satan here run true to his type, else surely we should not be informed that "there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord and Satan came also among them." Instead of the black arch-fiend of popular lore the Devil is introduced to us as a sort of appointed supervisor of earthly affairs. Dwelling serenely midway between Good and Evil, with, however, a pronounced *pénchant* for the latter, he is presented as "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," functioning as a species of "walking

April Brings Easter ---and Charming New Clothes

With Easter but a Sunday or two away, it's time to be thinking seriously about the new clothes you will wear. Around the store new things have been coming in, so that the departments where the modes in apparel and accessories are shown, are in tip-top readiness for Easter. You are wondering, perhaps, what the new fashions are like, what gloves and veils will be worn—these and many other notes of fashions are told about here.



Stix, Baer
and Fuller



(To the left) So cleverly combined that one scarcely knows whether it is black tricolette combined with navy blue serge or just the other way, is the stunning suit we have pictured. For contrast the designers gave this suit pockets that are embroidered in Wilson red and black, and lined the girdle, sleeves and pockets with duvetyne in this same Wilson red shade. Price, \$135.

In the center sketch, the frock to the left is of foulard bestrewn with white chrysanthemums. To be unusual the Georgette that veils the upper part is a deep blackberry shade, relieved only by the shining crystal beads that are threaded along the edge. Price, \$85.

The frock in the center is one of those delightful affairs that look equally well for the afternoon or dinner wear. It is of leather color Moire with a blouse of Georgette that is exquisitely embroidered. Price, \$89.75.

To the right, the frock pictured is of the new imported marquisette. It is navy blue embroidered with light gray silk braid and at either side a gray taffeta underdress peeps forth, befrilled with rows of pleated ruffles. Price, \$135.

(To the right) Tricolette, but in a new fancy dropstitch weave, forms the handsome wrap pictured. Wide bands of moleskin form the collar and hem and at either sleeve swings a huge tassel of silk and chenille. One would never think that beneath the rich taupe color is hidden a lining of apricot-colored silk. Price, \$245.

(Third Floor.)



delegate": probing into the troubles that exist—and where no troubles exist, ready to supply the lack. The prototype of *Mephistopheles* is by no means the malign super-cynic of Goethe's later fashioning. In Job he is, at worst, a sharp business man, who declines to appraise the metal of the human heart at eighteen karat without an acid test of its perfection, and who is far from squeamish in his method of conducting the test. Since God is willing to step into the shadow of neutrality while Satan is at his experiment, Job has to account for his own worth. Out of this trial, at first, his virtue of patience, if patience be a virtue, comes forth unscathed. Not a murmur does he breathe against the flagrant injustice of his causeless visitation. "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord"—that is all he has to say on the subject. This first test, then, justifies God's confidence in Job, whereupon, at the tempter's instigation, his colossal power of endurance is immediately subjected to a still harsher trial.

His better, though evidently less stoical, half would engulf his composure in the total breakdown of her own morale. She would goad his spirit on to rank rebellion: "Doest thou still hold fast thine integrity? Renounce God and die!" Her expostulations are in vain. "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "In all this," observes the author, "did not Job sin with his lips?"

Yet the final phrase would seem to harbor an important qualification, for, after enduring for seven days and seven nights the speechless company of the mourners of his living death, he breaks his heart-devouring silence and proceeds to belie his unsurpassed posthumous reputation for patience.

In the dramatic adaptations, the play proper begins at this point. But it seems a pity not to follow the example of the prologue to "Faust" where the corresponding scene in heaven is fully dramatized. The wondrous opportunity of making the welkin itself collapse and packing it into the Thespian Portmanteau should hold an irresistible temptation for the Titans of the Little Theatre.

By a contrast matched nowhere in dramatic literature prior to Hauptmann's "The Assumption of Hannele" the ensuing action is set in dingiest and squalidest surroundings. In Kallen's version Job is discovered ingloriously sulking on the community ashheap. The villagers are out *en masse*, after the approved fashion of operatic "supes." Like true inhabitants of stageland, they neither work, nor do they fight, but, in strict observance of a perpetual holiday, stand more or less picturesquely around. Just now they are gawking over the disastrous downfall of their foremost citizen. Three ancient worthies of Job's own social set approach pompously to tender their condolence and to interview the sufferer. (In the original they have been keeping him company for a week.) A faint flavor of stale old wisdom hangs around these gentlemen of light and leading. Job, paying no attention to their presence, raises his voice to curse the day wherein he was born. He longs for admittance to Nirvana:

There the wicked cease from troubling;

*And there the weary be at rest.**

and demands to know why he should not be freed from the shackles of life:

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery

And life unto the bitter in soul?

Who long for death but it cometh not;

Who dig for it more than for hidden treasures;

Who rejoice exceedingly

And are glad when they find the grave.

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,

And whom God hath hedged in?

*In the quotations from the Book of Job, the variants of the "authorized" versions are used with what seems to the writer warrantable freedom.

The cold comforters now go into action, one at a time. No. 1, personally the least objectionable of the three bearded antiques, commences in a confidential heart-to-heart manner and in a spirit of sweet—and extremely irritating—reasonableness. His harangue, an edifying rehearsal of commonplaces, enlarges upon the popular wisdom that where there's smoke there must be fire—intimating that the saintly Job has probably been somewhat of a wolf in sheep's clothing. But never mind: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." Let Job lift the mortgage of sin, and God will rescind the foreclosure. Anyway, all's well that ends well. Eliphaz the Temanite expressly identifies happiness with affluence. The only effect of this pious exhortation with its glowing description of the coming relief is to intensify Job's ardor for extinction. So Comforter No. 2, Bildad the Shuhite, steps down stage into the calcium. Having no different cheer to contribute, he merely adds to the plea of his godly colleague the emphasis of reiteration. Job, by a neat logical *hysteron proteron*, stands irrefutably convicted of sin, because—he is being punished! Hence he must repent him, after which the smear of misery shall be wiped from him.

Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man,

Neither will he uphold the evil-doers.

He will yet fill thy mouth with laughter,

And thy lips with shouting.

They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame,

And the tent of the wicked shall be no more.

At this point, Job, with an increasing bitterness, injects into the symposium a rebellious dissent concerning the bearings of divine justice. Without claiming to be impeccable, he resents the disproportion between his transgressions and his chastisement. God, he declares, destroys promiscuously the perfect and the wicked. God is so infinitely remote that man can get no hearing for his cause.

For He is not a man as I am, that I should answer Him,

That we should come together in judgment;

There is no daysman betwixt us

That might lay his hand upon us both.

Passionately Job indicts his Maker, for persecuting the helpless and perverting human justice.

He will mock at the trial of the innocent.

The earth is given unto the hand of the wicked;

He covereth the faces of the judges thereof.

The admonition to propitiate Heaven is scornfully rejected. As a just man, Job all the more strongly resents the injustice done him. He prays to God, but only for a brief respite from his woes and the speeding of the end.

Are not my days few?

Cease then and let me alone,

That I may take comfort a little,

Before I go whence I shall not return,

Even to the land of darkness and the shadows of death.

Comforter No. 3, Zophar the Naamathite, who is a very jealous and aggressive defender of the faith, squarely rebukes the uttered heresies, and tells Job in plain Hebrew that a person with his views should look upon destitution and disease as a rather lenient measure of punishment.

Know therefore that God exacteth of thee

Less than thy iniquity deserveth.

And then he writes him the same cure-all recipe: Acknowledge your wickedness, say you are sorry—and presto, you'll be as snug as ever.

Because thou shalt forget thy misery;

And remember it as waters that pass away;

And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday.

Thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.

And thou shalt be secure because there is hope;

Yea, thou shalt dig about thee and thou shalt take thy rest in safety,—

Also thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid;

Yea, many shall make suit unto thee.

Now three doses of the same theological patent medicine on top of all the bitterness he has had to swallow,—this is more than even a Job can stomach; his world-renowned patience blows up in a blaze of anger, and he sends his interviewers about their business with the unvarnished assertion that he knows as much about these things as they do, meaning, of course, that he knows a whole lot more, and intimating that they are a trio of gadding, babbling, old non-essentials. In course of this crushing rebuttal his mood passes through a series of significant changes. The first words are contemptuous and cutting:

No doubt but ye are the people,

And wisdom shall die with you.

But immediately he flares up, drops sarcastic indirection, and continues in straightforward indignation:

But I have understanding as well as you;

I am not inferior to you:

Yea, who knoweth not such things as these?

He quotes a couple of ancient saws, only to disown their sagacity:

Doth not the ear try words

Even as the palate tasteth its meat?

With aged men is wisdom

And in length of days understanding.

He has less respect for gray hair than for gray matter. Must his pile of misery be topped with the boredom of homiletical expositions? All they have to say is an old story to him.

Lo, mine eye hath seen all this,

Mine ear hath heard and understood it.

What ye know, the same do I know also;

I am not inferior unto you. (He sees fit to "rub this in.")

With God he craves to reason, but philosophical junk-dealers and old-clo' men like Eliphaz and Co.—"Oh that they would altogether hold their peace! And it should be their wisdom." He raps them sharply to order:

Hear now my reasoning,

And hearken to the pleadings of my lips.

Their attempt to interrupt him is promptly quelled:

Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak,

And let come on me what will.

Whereupon he flings his Promethean ultimatum to God:

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;

But I will maintain my own ways before Him.

Job will not make himself over, true primitive protestant that he is, when his character and conduct have the endorsement of his reason.

He also shall be my salvation:

For an hypocrite shall not come before Him.

In his turbulent soul two formidable feelings are entering into mortal combat: the vast idea of immortality intersects with the obsessive conviction that Death ends all.

Man that is born of a woman

Is of few days, and full of trouble;

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down,

He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

Hence, how could Job expect to be vindicated? Life is too short, death too final.

FAMOUS-BARR CO.

Entire Block— Olive, Locust, Sixth and Seventh Streets

The Latest Easter Fashion News from

The Costume Salon

The woman who is interested in a new Easter frock will find our Costume Salon a most fascinating place—these bright Spring days. Almost every Express from the East comes bringing us something new, chic, and in every way out of the ordinary.

Copies of Parisian models are charming, of course, but equally so are the artistic creations of our own American designers, who are now ranked among the world's best style creators.

Our special service in this salon is for the woman of critical taste in matters of dress, who is not satisfied with apparel unless it has an artistic originality, as well as being in harmony with the fashion trend.

Correct apparel for all occasions for Street, Afternoon, Dinner, Evening, Club and Sports Wear—is now ready for your choosing, madame, in every lovely new color and fabric now the vogue.

Soft, clinging Satin Crepes, Taffeta Glace, Crepe Chiffons, Crepe Elizabeth, etc., and beautiful laces, embroideries and nets are used for dressy occasions. The tailored garments are made of new effects in Treco, Serge, Military Twill, Tricolette and Paulette.

For sports and morning wear there are the smartest new Foulards and Pussy Willows in attractive printings and Chinese Crepes and Pongee combinations, also the sensible wool jerseys. Color shades are lovely dull blues, green, brown, taupe and the ever popular navy and black. The lighter shades are orchid, maize, jade, green, corn flower, flesh and white.

Third Floor



The New Mlle. Modiste Salons Await Your Inspection of the Vogue in

Easter Millinery

At the beginning of each season every woman is interested in learning what the French style creators have brought out. One feature of the service offered here is in reproducing these models exactly in elegance of line, beauty of color combinations and richness of materials. The prices range from

\$25 to \$85

Semi-dress and Tailored Hats are types for which there is an ever increasing demand. This has made it necessary for us to devote more space, time and attention to these hats, as a visit to this section will reveal. Prices range from

\$25 to \$75

Third Floor

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down,
That it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease—

But man dieth and wasteth away:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea,
And the flood decayeth and drieth up,
So man lieth down and riseth not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,

Nor be roused out of their sleep.

Yet with Job the craving for justice is father of the intriguing thought, "If a man die shall he live again"? If there were an after-life, then all of his appointed time would Job willingly wait for acquittal and release! *If a man die shall he live again?* Once this tremendous thought has flashed into the consciousness it cannot be quenched for good.

Job ends with a repetition of his staggering rebuke of the divine arrogation of might against right.

And thou destroyest the hope of man:
Thou prevailest forever against him, and he passeth.

The consoling thought of eventual, albeit only vicarious, compensation, has passed with the moment:

Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away;

His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not;

And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them;

But his flesh upon him shall have pain,
And his soul within him shall mourn.

After this first round, the intensity of the battle of words is reanimated by the other side. His opponents address themselves to Job in the same order as before, and in the same measure as their logic grows limp their physical and verbal gesticulation becomes more vehement. Having nothing new to say, they lustily ring the changes of rhetoric on the three Rs of their creed: Retribution, Repentance, Rehabilitation. Surely by this time the onlooking crowd of neutrals must be agreeing with Job's conviction that the three venerable wiseacres are all "physicians of no value" and wondering with him, "Shall vain words have an end?" Feeling himself outraged by Him whom he loyally served, Job indignantly scouts the endless cant about retributive justice, and insists, on the converse, that the righteous are most likely to suffer and perish, whereas the wicked "become old, yea, wax mighty in power," and, as Mr. H. G. Wells would testify in the partly presence of G. G. Chesterton,—"thrust a shameless obesity upon the public attention." Meanwhile, amid the sententious oratory of his visitors, Job's vague but bigly conceived supposition of concrete personal Immortality grows into a living faith. Carried away by his inspiration he proclaims his certainty:

For I know that my redeemer liveth,
And that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth;

And though after my skin worms destroy this body,

Yet in my flesh shall I see God:
Whom I shall see for myself,—

In Moulton's dramatization Job's appalling discovery overwhelms his strength—"My reins are consumed within me," he mutters, as he nearly faints away.

Also, through the third and final bout, the three hard-shelled zealots adhere to their unalterable dogma. On both sides the tactics are the same as before, but the passion is dying down as the combatants are approaching the point of physical exhaustion. Yet towards the close of the contest the eloquence of both parties works up once more to a

grand climax. The author of the Book of Job was too great an artist to have bestowed his marvelous ability one-sidedly; on both sides the argument is throbbing with life, and unsurpassed anywhere in splendor of diction. Nor is the dogmatism of the friends devoid of fine sentiment and memorable sayings.

Job has failed to convince, nay even to impress, his antagonists. Now he lifts up his voice toward the Infinite in an "Oath of Clearing." He re-avers his righteousness, rejects sweepingly the censure of his exhorters, and finally, feeling as *Faust*, that

'Tis time through deeds this word of truth to thunder:

That with the height of Gods man's dignity may vie!

he rises to his full titanic stature, defies all human precedent, and hurls the challenge direct to his God.

Oh, that one would hear me! Behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book.*

Far from putting the past under his feet, he is proud of his record.

Surely I would take it upon my shoulders,
And bind it as a crown to me.

I would declare unto him the number of my steps;

As a prince would I go near unto him!

And therewith "the words of Job are ended." He has made his deposition. Let the Lord answer him!

The burden of proof in his trial has now been shifted;—having regard to the dramatic conformation of the book, we may say that the exposition is completed—we enter upon a new situation charged with a new suspense. How will God deal with Job's challenge? Answer it, or summarily punish the blasphemer? Has Job, if innocent before, not now by his impious defiance enmeshed himself in the tragical sin of *hybris*? Or are we possibly to learn in the sequel, to our perplexity, that in the main issue Job is right, and that Providence has ordained the compatibility of wickedness with success and of goodness with defeat? Since what hangs in the balance is nothing short of the meaning and purpose of life itself, our attention is poignantly enlisted. Forensically, the adjudication of Job's complaint *versus* the Ruling Power at this point would hang mainly on the testimony of some non-partisan witness. Now at the very moment when the litigants have reached the deadlock, there comes into the case a personage sufficiently an outsider to view the situation without prejudice, it may be; anyway, from a new angle. Being but a youth,—from foreign parts at that, as evidenced by his dialect,—he has modestly hovered in the background so far, reluctant to interpose in the counsels of the aged. But by now he has become too greatly absorbed in the issue not to break away from the restraint imposed by etiquette. For the question that has arisen out of the debate is of universal human application, and the junior generation, to which he belongs, is clearly called upon to contribute its share towards the solution. The appearance of Elihu is very happily contrived to jog the listener's attention. Now Elihu, though speaking for the young, is by no means a radical; on the whole, he champions the Eliphaz-Bildad-Zophar brand of orthodoxy. His ethical bearings do not diverge at bottom from the drift of orthodoxy; to him, the same as to the trio, misfortune is, primarily, judgment upon the sinner. On this fundamental point the greenhorn is as cocksure as are the greybeards. With a hasty apology for his boldness, he yields to his impulse to "answer his part"

I am young, and ye are very old:

Wherefore I was afraid,

And durst not show you mine opinion.

*Variant: And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written.

I said, Days should speak,
And multitude of years should teach wisdom.

But there is a spirit in man,
And the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.

Great men are not always wise:
Neither do the aged understand judgment.

Therefore I said, Hearken to me;

I also will show mine opinion.

It is seen that, after the fashion of juvenile reformers, he takes himself mighty seriously. Where the wise men have failed he feels bound to succeed. But he has struck an unsympathetic audience; no visible or audible notice is taken of his eloquence. After more than a hundred lines "he looks to Job. Job makes no sign, Elihu turns to the three Friends." After another try of one hundred lines or so "Elihu looks to the three Friends; they give no sign." Does Elihu give it up? Not he. "He looks upward and continues."

But even though his immediate hearers take no notice of Elihu, his message commands attention. His words are aglow with prophetic fervor, and in the unprecedented throes of our own era, when for the first time in history the principle of international Justice is feebly struggling into the light of day, who will read unmoved that ringing prediction of the inglorious end which shall be put to any sophistical distinction between private and national crime?

Whether it be done against a nation,
Or against a man only:

That the hypocrite reign not,
Lest the people be ensnared.

From this gift of vision whereby he is distinguished from the unimaginative dogmatism of the Elders, springs Elihu's positive contribution to the movement of the story. He becomes, in the progress of his speech, the inspired herald of the Divine Interposition. Job clamors to be confronted with God—the Friends declare it impossible,—whereas Elihu confidently announces that God will reveal himself to Job in his own good time. While Elihu is speaking, the apparatus is gradually set in motion for the *grande scène* that is to follow immediately. By a cumulation of premonitory signs a grandiose cataclysm of Nature is prepared, leading to the overawing advent of the *Persona Domenica*. The voice that finally stills the rushing tumult of the elements is God himself, who under Hebrew auspices could not, of course, be personalized.

The situation has reached a stupendous climax. Here, unquestionably, is the source from which Goethe's imagination drew that superb encounter of *Faust* with the Spirit of the Earth.

SPIRIT:

Me hast thou long with might attracted—
Long from my sphere thy food extracted.
And now—

FAUST:

Woe! I endure not thee.

SPIRIT:

To view me is thine aspiration;
My voice to hear, my countenance to see;
Thy powerful yearning moveth me,
Here am I! What mean perturbation
Thee, superhuman, shakes?

Job had challenged the Lord—the challenge has been accepted. The Creator has come to justify himself before his creature. Job, it will be granted, bears himself in the presence of his Maker with a nobler self-respect and with a more manful composure than are shown by the ecstatic *Faust* when his sense and reason go into a stampede before the Earth-Spirit. Come to think of it, there is pretty close correspondence between the self-description of the Lord in Job and the equally majestic self-definition of the Spirit in "Faust." Yahweh, as

*The stage directions are from R. G. Moulton, "The Modern Reader's Bible."



Presenting the

New Modes for Spring

THE Easter frock now demands Milady's undivided attention—once it is selected, she turns to the task of finding a wrap, hat and all the smart accessories which bring out the fine points of her new costume. What a joyful task it is—here! To wander through the various departments, studying the merits of the well chosen assortments and appreciating the combination of garments of quality at the lowest possible prices.

New Frocks, Suits and Wraps

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THE collection of new models is characterized throughout by a very careful and clever adaptation of style and fabric.

The designers have been inspired by the beauty of the clinging georgettes, the crisp taffetas, lovely lustrous foulards and fine woolen fabrics of many weaves—and their beautiful color tones are harmonized most delicately, or sometimes subtly and effectively contrasted. Every new fashion idea finds representation in one or more of the lovely models. We urge you to visit the Ready-To-Wear sections and inspect the new apparel.

Colorful Millinery Expresses Joy

AND radiates the charm of youth and the happiness of Easter-tide. All the exquisite conceits laid aside during sombre war days are conspicuously revived for this season of peace and joy. Delicate cascades of plumes adorn the big picture hats, wreaths of spring flowers twine gayly around brims and crowns, and ribbons and quills are artistically placed. In size, shape and color, there are hats adapted to every type of woman and to every occasion.

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Kupent's

BROADWAY AND WASHINGTON

here represented, has little likeness with his other picturings in the Old Testament. Here, for the first time, the inscrutability of God is reasonably explained. According to the author of Job, the theological guild has misrepresented Yahweh. He is not a vindictive Sovereign punctiliously collecting his pound of flesh full weight, or plucking here an eye for an eye and there a tooth for a tooth,—neither is he a benign patriarch paying up for good deeds in terms of "prosperity" at an exorbitant and shockingly illegal rate of interest, as mean-spirited folk would have him do.

Who hath first given unto me that I should repay him?

Whatsoever is under the whole Heaven is mine.

He is, in the first and last reckoning, the universal creative and preserving Force, concerned with the maintenance of life in the large and, as the author of the Book appears to think, rather indifferent to the individual existence. The friends were wrong, and so was Elihu. He is not the God of Judgment, but the Soul of Nature, not a Creator by fiat, but a painstaking upbuilder of life and its universal protector.

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters;

Or a way for the lightning of thunder;

To cause it to rain on the earth where no man is;

*On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
and to cause the bud of the tender
herb to spring forth?*

Man has no monopoly on Providence. Even as he is looked after by divine solicitude, so are the ox, the ass, the unicorn, and the peacock. By God's bidding the hawk stretcheth his wings toward the South, and the ostrich leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust; and the eagle mounteth up at his command. Nay, even Behemoth and Leviathan, the monstrous freaks of the land and the sea, have the same claim upon his paternal care as the human mite who, swollen with conceit, fancies himself the master of all and has dared to imagine the world as a house built to his order.

In the main, therefore, Job was right in his world-view, and he is explicitly vindicated; contrawise his importunate accusers are made to swallow a dose of their own medicine. They are mulcted seven bullocks and seven rams and must supplicate the Lord through Job, by proxy, "for him," says the Lord, "will I accept, lest I deal with you after your folly, in that you have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job." The Lord states his approval, beyond any peradventure of doubt, of the struggling, albeit erring, God-seeker, and makes short work of the unthinking lip-servant.

And it came to pass after Yahweh had spoken these words unto Job, that Yahweh said unto Eliphaz the Temanite, mine anger is kindled against thee and thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, as my servant Job hath.

Since God sides with Job, the latter's submission can involve no disavowal of his previous conduct or opinion. His "abhorrence" of himself and recantation of his challenge simply prove that in the divine presence he learns to measure himself with a new standard, of which, as a mortal, he necessarily falls short.

The drama thus ends serenely. God has "justified himself," and Job has come out of his ordeal with character intact. His heart is at rest, because out of the storm-tossed sea of uncertainty it has been piloted to the haven and has found an anchorage. And his mind, too, is satisfied, because he learns that he has builded better than he knew.

the truth he has foresensed is vaster than he could have imagined. And so he crowns his wisdom with a becoming humility.

*I have uttered that I understood not;
Things too wonderful for me which I knew not.*

*I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear:
But now mine eye seeth thee,
Wherefore I abhor myself and repent
In dust and ashes.*

From the austere height of this sternly logical solution it is an abrupt fall to the platitudes of the Epilogue, goodnaturedly devised as a concession to feeble minds, to whom a philosophic harmony of the individual with the World-Soul is of less value than a big complement of sheep and camels and she-asses. For their edification an unmistakable all-is-well conclusion must be hitched on to the tale. So Job is made to prosper once more in a business way, and with God's help to accumulate huge collections of domestic animals, exactly twice the size of the herds erstwhile taken from him by the Satan. Likewise his seven departed children were commuted unto him in kind, son for son and daughter for daughter. And it is written that after this Job lived an hundred and forty years and died at last, being old and full of days.

The Book of Job stands unique in scriptural literature by its heterodox adjustment of the problem of suffering to a new idea of God. The poet could not possibly have enounced his central theological conviction more forcefully than by boldly imputing it to Deity. The nature of God as here disclosed comports well with the spirit of modern Science. The God of Job is the God acknowledged by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and Haeckel. The cosmogony of the greatest work of Hebrew poetry is *revolutionary* precisely in that it permits of the *evolutionary* explanation. The concept of God is carried a long stride forward from the obsessive anthropomorphic tradition. And in quite a modern social spirit, Evil is beheld not primarily as a relation between man and God, but between man and his environment. The Providence that can permit the righteous to undergo agony and the wicked to pursue their way with success and impunity would indeed be only a monstrous cynic, were he acting with exclusive reference to the human species. Yahweh's impartial care, however, is exercised to maintain a just balance of power in his creation and to secure progressive betterment of the world at large. His loving kindness encompasses the aggregate; the host is led to victory, whether the single soldier win or lose in the battle of life. In Job's creed we can see an adumbration of at least an inferential phase of socialism.

The idea of God determines the external religious practices even more than the ethical conduct of the believing people. It is held by some scholars that Job was composed at a time before the religious energy of the Jewish people had yet coagulated into dogma, and that the Book represents the unique surviving phase of the struggle between ritualism and religious freedom. One may prefer to think that the prime historic significance of the book lies, on the contrary, in its attitude of looking forward rather than harking back. Unless this thought strays wholly from the truth the sage of Uz may be called without undue exaggeration the first Protestant on record—a protestant in the unabridged, etymological meaning which the term conveyed before Protestantism, in its turn, had relinquished much of its original dynamic forcefulness and become established and prosperous, authoritative and static. The Yahweh of Job sets small store by the meticulous observances of Sabbatical ordinances—he stands not for the Synagogue but for Religion. He rules over Destiny in a constitutive, non-interfering way. Man must not look to God for comfortable exemption from any law of nature; he should endeavor to work out his own salvation, and bear the chances that befall, like a man. A God

siding with the autocratic ambitions of one of his creatures against the interest of all the rest would be rendering the Universe extremely undesirable and unsafe for the great majority of his creatures. In its loving consideration for all molds of life and its plea for recognition of their equality before the Transcendent and Eternal, the Book of Job forms a remarkable exception among the mass of Scriptural writings, and recalls the emphasis laid by Buddhism upon the inviolable sacredness of life.

Two objections to this ethical interpretation of the great Hebrew poem are sure to be encountered from the many accustomed to project into biblical literature their own preconception of the Deity: the meaning of Job as here expounded would portend death to their loftiest ideal. In their fane there can be no altar for a God who is not, in the forum of his conscience, amenable to human standards of morality. And in the second place, the Joban philosophy would imply to them a lowering of man's value in his own eyes.

Neither objection seems solidly grounded. The idea of God entertained by a vast majority of the Faithful is open, on its side, to the much graver objection that it is not personally owned, but loosely shared. As a rule, people come into it by way of inheritance, as illustrated in a recent best-selling novel. The hero's parents "had learnt their faith with more reverence than intelligence from their parents, who had it in a similar spirit from their parents, who had it from their parents; so that nobody looked into it closely for some generations, and something vital had evaporated." Besides, the perpetual spectacle of a world driven unremittently on its course without reference to our sense of justice cannot fail to baffle the enlightened believer. Even so orthodox a Catholic as the French poet Lamartine recoils in despair from the rule of Wrong that is wielded under the aegis of religion:

*La vertu succombant sous l'audace impunie,
L'impoture en honneur, la vérité bannie;
L'errante liberté*

*Aux dieux vivants du monde offerte en sacrifice;
Et la force, partout, fondant de l'injustice
Le règne illimité.*

The other objection raises up a question that is indeed of paramount importance, namely, what under Job's revised idea of God is the worth of living? Is the spirit of man so plastic to the dictates of reason that it can forthwith readjust itself to a totally different foundation of conduct? And can the new concept sustain man as effectively as the old through the warfare of living and render him fit to serve the design of Providence with satisfaction to himself? With his belief in infallible this-worldly Justice suspended, it stands to reason that the willing servant of God would have to fall back on his own conscience; if Providence is too busy to devote to him constant special attention, he must look after himself all the more carefully. The ultimate value of a man's existence under such a doctrine would rest entirely on the intrinsic worth of his self-formed and self-contained character. Being excellent would be man's sole reason for being.

Job's behavior, viewed under this rigorous criterion, exemplifies the possible results of such an ethical discipline. This is no irreverence in his obstinate determination to deny control to God Himself over the integral dignity of his selfhood. "Though He slay me—yet will I trust in Him; but I will maintain mine own ways before Him." * * * "Till I die will I not put away mine integrity from me; my righteousness will I hold fast, and will not let it go. My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." So soon as Job hears his presentiment verified by the voice of the Infinite, he rises superior to any self-commiseration. Prosperity is of secondary importance to him when it is no longer the divine compensation of goodness. Nay, happiness itself, in the allround, everyday meaning, ceases.

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to be a proper goal of his ambition. The more indifferent God were to man's welfare on earth, the more credit would belong to man for his self-made excellence. Test and reward of a life lived according to this exalted philosophy is a man's ability to merge his personal suffering in universal sympathy, in other words, his capacity for self-discipline and absorption in the fulness of existence.

A Doughboy Ditty of Today

Favorite song of the American Army of Occupation, Somewhere in Germany. Composed by a Soldier and sung by All the Rest of Them.

Air—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

DARLING, I am coming back,—
Silver threads among the black,—
Now that peace in Europe nears,
I'll be home in seven years.
I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white—
Yes, the war is over dear,
And we're going home, I hear!
Home again with you once more,
Say—by Nineteen-Twenty-four.
Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea;
Back to where you sit and pine,
But we're stuck here on the Rhine.
You can hear the gang all curse—
"War is hell, but peace is worse!"

When the next war comes around,
In the front ranks we'll be found,
We'll rush in again, pell-mell—
Yes we will!—like hell!—like hell!

Bringing Home the Bacon

By W. M. R.

The Sailing of the Ship

PRESS correspondents covering the peace conference at Paris are again a bit panicky, though there's no clear reason why they should be so. The thing that worries them is that the President's ship, the *George Washington*, has been ordered to proceed from this side to Brest. The press-men cannot help assuming, tentatively, that this has been done as a bluff, that the President, facing the likelihood of the defeat of his proposals, summons the ship as a threat to leave the conference, if he cannot have his way. This assumption is very picturesque and dramatic, but it is, in my opinion, very foolish. Woodrow Wilson is a man who knows as well as anyone that to withdraw from the conference in this way would be an act of cowardice. He cannot desert his post. It would be the political equivalent of suicide for him. More than that, it would be a betrayal of the trust his own country and, indeed, the whole world has placed in him. Should he withdraw, nothing would be gained, and much, incalculably much, would be lost. Without the United States the League of Nations and the peace with Germany would be destroyed. The world would be thrown back into war, with revolutions cutting across the issues of the war. A mere threat to withdraw would endanger the whole edifice of peace, so far as one has been constructed. It is highly probable that the summoning of the President's ship is significant of nothing more than that the proceedings of the conference are drawing to a close and Mr. Wilson wants to be able to start home at the earliest moment possible, though I doubt not that the President has insisted again and again that the peace should be the kind of peace the Allies agreed that he should offer Germany for them and for us.

The Terms to Germany

Nerves are strained at Paris, of course, but there is no apparent reason why they should break, and

especially not President Wilson's nerves. He has held out long and well, with Premier Lloyd George, against the almost insatiable demands of France and Italy for such benefits from the war as they desired. From all that can be gathered from a careful reading of confusing cablegrams, he is more than holding his own. It is clear that he is succeeding to a large extent in convincing the conference that it would be unwise to make peace terms for Germany too widely at variance with the spirit and the letter of the fourteen points which Germany accepted in signing the armistice. There has been a milder tone in German comment upon the probable terms, and cessation of intimations that those terms would be met with "passive resistance." The rationing of Germany, recently begun, is a guarantee of good faith and it was inaugurated, we may say, in a manner that was not quite satisfactory to Marshal Foch. Then it is fair to assume that the crisis of the revolution in Hungary was met in a manner more characteristic of Wilson than of Clemenceau, for it seems that the first act of the conference representative there was to concede something, in the matter of encroaching Czecho-Slovak boundaries, to the revolutionists. There may be some lingering dissension in the conference over the terms of reparation, but the proposals concerning these, so far as we can gather from the newspapers, are such as to leave the full determination of damages somewhat to the softening influence of time. The reparation is not stated in a lump sum. It is to be made in, at first, a sum up in the billions, but after that, presumably in a process of exchange. France, it appears, will not get the coal mines in the Saar Valley on the claim that she needs the coal to smelt her iron ores. That was precisely the argument put forward by Germany in support of her demand for the Briey ore deposits that they should be joined to her coal deposits. It is probable that for a number of years France will be allowed coal to the equivalent of the production of her own mines before their destruction by the Germans. It is probable that in the ultimate outcome Germany will be so dealt with that she can engage in manufacture and trade much more extensively than the vindictive retributionists and protectionists of Great Britain, France, Italy and this country had deemed possible.

Honesty the Best Policy

This is a matter of policy rather than of idealistic generosity. Germany must be able to pay for the wrongs she has done. To pay, she must earn, must produce. It seems that in Great Britain there has been a marked recession from the declarations, about election time, that Germany would be made to pay the whole cost of the war. We have seen later declarations from men high in authority, in England, that Germany shall be taken into the League of Nations at once. A few months ago she was to be debarred or kept on probation until the Greek kalends. Despite the necessity of protecting and reinforcing British forces in Russia, attacked by the soviet armies, Lloyd George and Bonar Law have intimated a purpose to get into communication with the soviet government. This again is not generosity. It is only recognition of the fact that the problem confronting the peace conference is not so much one of establishing the League of Nations as of bringing about stability in Europe, endangered by revolution. So long as there was haggling over territorial and economic aggrandizements there was encouragement for revolt. The people in Germany and in Russia had no fear of anything that could be worse than what they had to expect at the hands of the Allies. There was little better they could hope for. They might have been rendered desperate and dangerous.

The soft pedal has been applied to the demands of those allies who sought compensations in the East or in the West. The indications are that the conference realizes that it is the very best *Realpolitik* to deal with Germany in a manner that will enable her to reconstruct herself along industrial lines;

first that she may be enabled to pay, and second, that she may become a bulwark of order against the tide of Bolshevism threatening to engulf her and, after her, France and Great Britain. A great benefit to Europe will be the bringing about of conditions in Germany that will make her less of a storm center than she promised to become if the Allies permitted themselves to become too exclusively engaged in the furtherance of national ambitions at the expense of their neighbors. Mr. Wilson's fourteen points abjured all such scheming, but it is not the President's idealism so much as the cold facts of the situation that has brought the conference to its senses—if it has been brought to its senses. I take it that it has, for we have heard nothing in a week or two about Italy's threat to withdraw if she could not recoup herself in territory at the expense of Jugo-Slavia for her expenditures in the war.

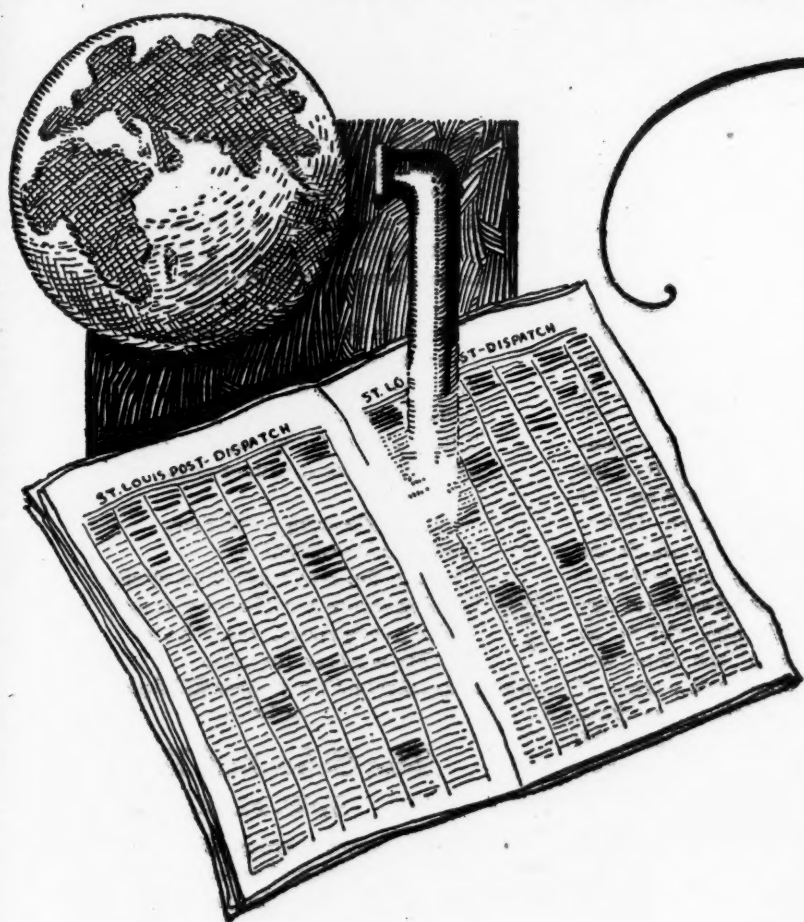
Integrating the Victory

It is pretty plain that all the allies have come, or are coming, to see that their victory over the enemy will be more satisfactory to themselves if they do not insist on every pound of flesh they might exact because of their military preponderance. They can most effectively relieve themselves of their burdens by not making the burden upon Germany absolutely unbearable. French, Italian and even British statesmen may, at one time, have told their people that the whole cost of war would be laid upon Germany, and those people may at one time have believed that thus they might escape heavy taxation for generations, but now the people see that this cannot be. As they get but little farther away from the war, the allied peoples are less hot for vengeance *a l'outrance* upon the foe, and correspondingly their leaders are cooling down also. If President Wilson be not personally responsible for this condition, still it must be said that its existence justifies his vision of the peace as formulated in the fourteen points. He saw and said that there was no peace in an arrangement that would permit the taking over of enemy territory and peoples. The proof of this was furnished in the Hungarian revolution.

The Puzzle of Russia

What the peace conference can do with regard to Russia remains to be seen. It has been reported that Lenine is willing to treat with the conference, but there is no information as to what he will offer or accept. It is said the conference will ask of him a pledge that his government shall cease all propaganda for the overthrow of other national governments. I don't see how he could yield that. The essence of Bolshevism is anti-nationalism. If the Bolsheviks stopped propagandism they would abandon their own prime principle. Nor do I see how Lenine could give a promise of non-interference with those states carved out of Russia by the peace of Brest-Litovsk. There again he would be surrendering everything. What could he gain in return? Possibly aid in the form of food and railroad and agricultural supplies, but, so far as we can discern, the Bolsheviks care more for the principle of internationalism and the rule of the proletariat and free land than they do for supplies. They have an excellent army now and they think they can take what the Allies erstwhile failed to give. Another thing that the soviet government cannot concede is the validating of the Russian debt that they repudiated. That would be, in their view, surrender absolute and complete to capitalism and the *bourgeoisie*. To agree to pay the national debt would be to agree to pay tribute to the enemy supreme—to the exploiters of the workers. And how is a capitalist world outside of Russia to be induced to participate in the social reorganization and the economic reconstruction of a people who positively will not pay their debts? Moreover, how could Lenine's government go back upon its repudiation of those secret treaties of the Allies, which have not yet

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been formally nullified by the Paris conferees? And yet, with Russia outside the League of Nations there will be danger to any peace. Politically Russia is potent, as the spread of revolution demonstrates. That potentiality would be multiplied enormously, if Germany too were excluded from the league for any length of time. The excluded would combine against the excluders. The word to the world to-day is inclusiveness, not exclusiveness.

Something must be done with and for Russia, but how? The recognition of the Lenine-Trotsky government is suggested, from time to time, but the one quarter from which such suggestion would come with most force is the United States, and here there is very little support for proposals of such action. If I am not mistaken, however, there is even less support for the proposal that United States soldiers shall make war upon the government that has been established by the Russian people. This country has not declared war upon Russia, and I doubt if it ever will do so. We are supposed to have decided to withdraw our forces from Russia, but the dispatches say that volunteers are being accepted in our army for service in Russia. This is as it should not be. It would seem to be our duty to leave Russia and the Russians alone to work out their own political destiny, and if in doing so, we should lose some hundreds of millions that we have loaned her, why, let them go. We shall hardly miss them in the grand total of our "investment" in the war. The Lenine government would doubtless pay us for any goods we sent into the country for its rehabilitation; at least the soviet ambassador now in New York says that it will. In time a Russia restored to something like order, under an established and unendangered government, confronted with the necessity for funds, would probably agree to pay the old war debts in order to contract new ones here and elsewhere.

It is very doubtful indeed that the allied governments and our own can safely reckon on the full and hearty support of their peoples either in the protraction of the war against Russia or in the carrying out of any program which will conceivably operate to give the people of the late Central Empires a justification of a claim that they surrendered to a peace proposal of reconciliation outlined in the fourteen points only to be handed a peace of vengeance. The President, with whatever mistakes of method, still has the people with him, and among them, the people of Germany. As for the people of Russia they are led by too many men returned from this country with report that ours is a capitalist democracy and, therefore, a delusion and a sham. The President's plan was to take the German people into brotherhood as soon as possible and the other people are still for that, it seems to me. And it seems that the conference proceedings are working out towards the President's ends, generally speaking, though what Mr. Wilson's purposes are as to Russia no one can say exactly.

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Not on the Rocks

I do not think that the peace conference is, as Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of *The Nation*, says "on the rocks." The League is the basis for the peace treaty and had to come first. What could be done with all the annexation claims if there were no League to take care of them, after their disposition in the peace terms. The League is a wise provision for taking care of those secret treaties, too. So far as they are inconsistent with the covenant, that document obliges the signatories to abrogate them. So far as concerns our "fatal" abandonment of traditions and policies and sovereignty, the League commits us to no such thing. We surrender nothing that we cannot yield with good will for such a great common good as the abolition of war. That the League is a new concert of five powers for world dominion is not proven, at least. The League, as I see it, was not contrived nor forced upon the world by the interests and the beneficiaries of world dominion,

but it was enforced upon the statesmen of the allied nations by the demand of the people. Even the high-protectionist, imperialist Republican party in the United States has been compelled to yield reluctant assent to the League by a realization that it is the people of this country, not the special interests, such as clamor publicly and work secretly for intervention in Mexico, that are most in favor of the covenant. The statesmen of the world seem to me to see that the issue is—the League of Nations or world-wide revolution by violence. With the League in existence the revolution may come, but more than likely it will come in somewhat orderly fashion, more as it comes in this country by way of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League, constitutionally, than after the manner of Big Bill Haywood's Industrial Workers of the World.

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A Fight Won and to Come

The news that the President's ship is sailing to take him home means that the League and the peace treaty are both practically formulated. It means, I imagine, that the peace treaty is one which Germany will sign with as much grace as any vanquished nation can command. It means, presumably, that Japan will not withdraw from the League because of restrictions upon the immigration of her nationals. It means that France and Italy will have to resign themselves to foregoing those gains they sought in defiance of the fourteen points, the acceptance of which preceded the armistice. It probably does not mean that the former Kaiser will be tried for his life in a court in which his enemies would be prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner. Indications are that Poland will get her "corridor" to Danzig, but that Danzig will be an international port. It may mean less than was hoped as to internationalized world waterways. It may mean many other things—chief among them that the famous fourteen points have been embodied in both League and treaty in essential substance—but one thing I hope it does not mean, and that is that Woodrow Wilson is a much sicker man than the correspondents have been permitted to make known.

Our President, I think, has won his fight abroad. And at home as well. Send that he return to us safe and strong to take up the restoration and enlargement of our own democracy, leading off with a proclamation of amnesty for all those suffering punishment for expression of opinion in opposition to the late war and to all war. Let us have peace at home and pardon for those of our own household even as we have consideration for our enemies overthrown!

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Refractions

By W. M. R.

OUR city fathers propose an income tax for St. Louis. That would be an abomination, an outrage. It would empty the burg of inhabitants already burdened with federal and state income taxes, to say nothing of elsewhere obsolete occupational and business taxes. St. Louisans are taxed more and get less for their taxes than the people of any other large American city.

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MISSOURI legislators insist upon building dirt roads in the state, solely to use up the revenue from automobile licenses. They won't build hard surfaced roads, for every dollar expended on which the federal government would contribute another dollar. They throw away millions of money and they won't get good roads. Poor old Missouri!

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HEREABOUTS there is talk of reorganizing the Democratic party. The reorganizers should bear in mind what William Jennings Bryan said shortly after the first election of Wilson. He said that in a very short time there would be a Wilson party but there would be no Democratic party. The prophecy is fulfilled.

Evensong

By Laurence Housman

WEARY pilgrim, rest thy powers,
Nature hath her reaping hours.
Thou, so rich in memories stored,
Blend thine own with Nature's hoard.
Other milestones distant far—
See thy last in yonder star!

Where the roseate doors of rest
Open in the deepening west,
O'er thy quarters for this night
Hesperus upholds his light;
And the folding dusk shall bring
Sleep to be thy covering.

Pain and toil, as partners here
Mingle for remembrance dear.
Couldst thou sever this from these,
Rest were robbed of half her ease;
Could thy heart forget the cost,
Labor done were labor lost.

Pilgrim in thine evening skies
Thou canst make no stars arise;
Yet may Time, on gentler stream,
Gather and reflect the gleam,
Where the widening ripples yield,
Gleanings from a distant field.

Here, in fellowship with thee,
Earth attains tranquillity:
Through the reaping-field of dreams
Evening draws her shadowy teams,
And a young moon, newly born,
Sets her sickle to the corn.

—From the Heart of Peace (Small, Maynard & Co.).

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The School of Taos

By W. M. R.

FOR some years a group of American painters have been working in the bright, clear atmosphere of New Mexico, at Taos, and producing pictures that present a peculiarly vivid world of color and air and a life strange to ordinary conventions. A gathering of the canvases of this year is on exhibition now at the Kocian galleries, Tenth and Locust streets. It is a display of the results of a return to the primitive for inspiration.

I don't recall a better painting of moonlight than that of Oscar Berninghaus—author of the cover of this issue of *THE MIRROR*—in "The Pueblo Trail," with its space, its stillness, its mystery. There are three portraits by F. L. Blumenschein, two of women, with much of aboriginal loveliness, and one of a fine old warrior. All have that finish that goes with the work of the illustrator. E. Irving Couse's renditions of life are in his well-known method, and W. Herbert Dunton gets weariness of joy into "The Return from the Dance." Robert Henri is, as ever, vigorous in two heads of girls, dusky, with a glow. Victor Higgins has the most striking canvas in the exhibition—"A Tale of Ancient Taos"; an old man, in a purplish light that suffuses the whole figure, telling his story. Much likable is the girliness of J. H. Sharp's "Crucita." Other work of his has probably more ethnological than painting value. Bert Phillips' "Corn Maidens" has force with fineness and there is dignity and poetry in Walter Ufer's "Cacique."

The twenty-seven canvases at Kocian's have no little of the quality of the region in which they were wrought—plenty of light, breadth and a certain oldness of youth and youthfulness of eld, with a recondite quality in life's simplicity there. The Taos School is a far cry from the Hudson river school—it is an effort to escape from commonplace that wanders not off in method after, let us say, Gaguin, but it carries with it mostly much of impressionism. It is significant, if not wholly great, painting.



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She Was It

An attorney was defending one party to an auto collision and was cross-examining a lady witness who was undeniably pretty. "Have you any idea what caused this accident?" thundered the attorney. "I think so," said the fair witness sweetly. "Then tell the court how it happened." "Must I tell the truth?" "You have sworn to do so." "Well, sir, I was standing on the corner, and that gentleman turned to look at something and ran into the other machine." "Ah," divined the astute lawyer. "He turned to look at you. That makes you an accessory before the fact, madam." "I—I think it was the—the accessories he was looking at," murmured the witness.

"Redemption"

By Silas Bent

Domesticity proved insufferably commonplace to Fedor Vasilyevich Protasov. Each day with Elizaveta, who adored him, was of the same color as the next. There was no sparkle to their life, no variety, no "fizz," he complained. Even before a son was born to them, and afterward, when his wife was nursing the infant, he found escape in carousal, and she forgave him. Perhaps she perceived that there was something lacking between what he felt and what he could do; between the beauty he sought so restlessly and the ugliness of his search. Perhaps she realized a finer grain underneath than was apparent to others, who saw only a ne'er-do-well gambler, drunkard and pursuer of women.

But when Fedya, as he was known to his intimates, abandoned his wife to live with a gypsy band, and ignored her letter entreating him to return, even her patience was exhausted. He agreed that divorce seemed the only way out, but he shrank from the vulgarity of paying a woman of the streets to manufacture the necessary evidence. He tried, but had not the courage, to destroy himself, that Elizaveta (Lisa, as she was called), might be married to Victor Karénin, who had loved her since boyhood; and so he pretended to have drowned himself. The discovery that he was still living, and the trial for bigamy of Victor and Eiza, forms the basis of Tolstoi's play, "The Living Corpse," now running under the ill-considered name, "Redemption," at the Plymouth theatre in New York.

John Barrymore's Fedya is an intellectual achievement of the first order. I have seen it twice, with an interval of three months, and I am sensible of his ripening and growth in the part. He now presents concurrently a tragic gradual physical decay and an amazing spiritual transformation. In the house of the gypsies he is an irresponsible dandy, floating in a mist of wine and melody. We see him a little later in a cheap room, seedy and dispirited, submitting to the reproaches of the vagabond parents of Masha, a Romany maiden who has cast her lot with his, innocently enough. Here Prince Serghéi Dmitrievich Abréshkov, on behalf of Lisa and Victor, consults him about a

divorce, and here, without a spoken word, we see the thought flash through him that suicide offers release.

And then, in a squalid drinking den, we hear an unkempt, garrulous sot tell his life story to a wine-bibbing companion. He has parted with Masha for her sake, and he imagines now, in the fumes of the liquor, that Lisa has always loved Victor, that this love has disrupted their home. "In the night I would look at her as she lay beside me," he says, "and then I would think the door opened, and that this man came crawling to me on his hands and knees, whining; and that I got up and gave my place to him." And cackling with laughter he tells how, after the pretended drowning, a body found in the river was identified as his. "I am a living corpse," he boasts; "and they—those two—are living right here in this city."

At this an eavesdropper urges Fedya to blackmail Victor, and at his angry rebuke causes his arrest. Then follows a scene under the bludgeoning of an examining magistrate's inquisition, in which there emerges from Fedya's misery and rags a figure of noble defiance, an unbowed Fedya of definite spiritual grandeur. In a corridor outside the courtroom a little later, during the bigamy trial, this Fedya finds manumission from his shame and grief with that revolver which, in an earlier day, he had not the moral strength to wield. "Happiness!" is the cry upon his parched lips as he dies.

The play is in two acts and ten scenes, in contravention of the accepted canons. One might suppose that Tolstoi had undertaken to dramatize a novel, instead of writing a tragedy out of the fulness of his experience, at the age of seventy-four. His unmistakable dramatic triumph, aside from Barrymore's brilliant acting, is a commentary upon that pontifical attitude which would delimit such genius to the Sardou or even the Ibsen pattern of playmaking. It upsets our faith in formulas. For if Tolstoi discarded the familiar machinery of the stage as unsuited to his purposes, it was not because he was incapable of dramatic technique. I do not believe the fifth scene of this first act can be surpassed anywhere in adroit craftsmanship. It is in this scene that Fedya rents a restaurant room wherein to end his life. It is necessary, to carry forward the plot, that he write a note first to Victor and Lisa. How does Tolstoi bridge the awkward silence during which that note must be written? He introduces an elderly loquacious intruder, a hanger-on about the place, the kind of man Fedya would have become but for the finer grain underneath; who descants eloquently upon his own genius and the blindness of an unappreciative world, the while, uninvited, he helps himself from the bottle on the table. Fedya, in his agony of mind, writes on unheeding; until, awaking to the urgency of the horrible business before him, he bribes the fellow to take himself off. The incident not only bridges the gap but throws a high comic relief against the gathering shadows. It clears the stage, too, for that pitiful moment when Fedya finds his courage short of his intention. He cannot press the revolver trigger.

Then enters Masha. It remains for her to carry the plot a step further in suggesting a subterfuge, and here again Tolstoi's ingenuity is admirable, for Masha recalls, in racy and picturesque phrases, a time when they were in the river together and all but lost their lives. She recalls their peril, their suspense, their rescue. "Everybody knows you cannot swim," she hints; and again an essential detail is made to heighten the dramatic effect.

But the "big" scene, if any may be so designated, comes when Fedya once more encounters Lisa, and utters his bitter indictment of legal procedure. Some regard it as giving the themes of the play, although if it were eliminated the movement would remain unimpaired. This thing of making a dispensable scene a great scene, you may perceive, is another flagrant violation of the rules. Expert playwrights never are guilty of it, assuming that life always orders the "big" scenes logically. Tolstoi thought otherwise, and wrote this passage at much greater length than is practicable nowadays for presentation, so that it has been "cut" at the Plymouth. But the first act, which contains six scenes, lasts nearly an hour and a half, and holds the breathless attention of the audience throughout; so that there is ground for objection to the shortening of this part.

Whatever one may think of the alterations in the text and name of the play, none who sees it can but be grateful to Arthur Hopkins for the setting he has given it. He has carried out the theories he advanced in "How's Your Second Act?" as opposed to the photographic Belasco method. In the handsome country house of the Karénins, for instance, the only stage properties are a sofa, two chairs and an ikon. Mr. Hopkins depends upon the sympathetic imagination of his audience, and at the same time economizes attention for the players. How skillfully he gauges the extent of the suggestion required may be judged from the fact that "Redemption" has more "atmosphere" with less stage trimming than any other play of the season. A Russian friend of mine tells me that, except for one or two minor details, it is Russian to the nth degree; but I confess I do not understand why Barrymore speaks with an accent throughout.

The Russian Cathedral Quartet, Maude Beaumont as soloist and Tamara Swirskaya as a dancer, contribute to the charm of the scene in the house of the gypsies. The haunting and plaintive quality of the Romany melodies, the gaiety and brilliance and movement of the scene, make it memorable among stage pictures. Mention must be made of the excellent acting of Russ Whytal as Prince Serghéi, of Maude Hannaford as Elizaveta, and of Margaret Fareleigh as Masha. The program carries thirty names, aside from the balcony players, gypsies, waiters and other lesser characters. To assemble a cast of such magnitude meant, for one thing, that Mr. Hopkins put a great deal of confidence in the Tolstoi-Barrymore combination; and the success of the season (a success amounting to an ovation) is evidence enough that his confidence was not misplaced.

Big Bill's Come-Back

By a Chicago Voter

The result of the Chicago mayoralty campaign, culminating, on the 1st inst., in the re-election of "Big Bill"—William Hale Thompson—presents a phenomenon worthy of serious study, both in its outward and inner aspects.

"Big Bill" has become a sort of national figure owing to the notoriety he has acquired since his first elevation to the Chicago mayoralty, four years ago. This notoriety has not been and is not now something entirely enviable. On the contrary, it is in the main a notoriety of odium. Outside Chicago the impression obtains, for the most part, that he is a bold, bad mayor, the head of a régime of pernicious and pro-German proclivities. That he is, in fact, one of those persons best described, politically and personally, as "unspeakable." But any real knowledge of him and his doings does not prevail and, in all probability, cannot, owing to his feud with the newspapers of this town, which organs of publicity are, by the way, the disseminators, and manufacturers, of the impression which, as aforesaid, generally obtains.

I have alluded to the re-election of Thompson as a phenomenon, and such in truth it is—one of the most remarkable ones, of a municipal nature, in the history of American politics.

Chicago, at the present time, boasts a population of about two and a quarter million souls. Of this citizenry, over 700,000 qualified as voters for the mayoralty election. This is an enormous public—the second largest municipality in the United States, and the ability to control it politically signifies something extraordinary. This ability "Big Bill" has just demonstrated in the teeth of the most bitterly hostile and unscrupulous opposition possible to conceive.

The character of this opposition can be best appreciated when it is stated that his re-election was fought by every newspaper of any class or circulation in the entire city. These newspapers—daily, or daily and Sunday—include two great morning journals, the *Tribune* and the *Examiner*, and the four great evening journals, the *Daily News*, the *American*, the *Past* and the *Journal*. These six publications, the journalistic arbiters of the city, claimed a combined circulation of over two millions. These claims may be slightly inflated—circulation managers are sometimes idealists—but the fact is undeniable that every man, woman and child in Chicago, barring the few thousands (practically negligible, under the circumstances) who read foreign languages only, reads some one or more of them.

Each and every one of them denounced "Big Bill" in the most unmeasured terms. They exhausted every means at their command to prevent his re-election. They were unsparing in their employment of all known species of denunciation; both pictorially and in type-matter, that they could indulge in without fracturing the libel laws; and some of them, who felt the possibility of doing it with more or less impunity, did not hesitate to publish matter so

grossly defamatory as, to the ordinary observer, to seem libelous in the full sense of the term. And, in fact, "Big Bill" is now suing one of them for it in the courts.

The only means of publicity which "Big Bill" could muster, to offset this avalanche, was a weekly publication, known as the *Republican*, of very limited circulation and known also to be his personal organ. It is doubtful if a thousand copies per week of this paper were sold for real money. The German-language press was with him, but its exponents, one a morning, the other an evening journal, enjoy, since the war, very small circulations, and both of them reach practically the same readers.

How was it possible for a man to achieve a victory under such circumstances?

It was possible only because of a revolt of the people against the newspapers. They re-elected "Big Bill" because they loved him for the enemies he had made.

William Hale Thompson began to cherish political ambitions several decades ago. He was regarded at that time

more in the light of a joke than anything else by the bosses of the big parties, both his own—the Republican—and the others. They inclined to consider him rather of an overgrown and somewhat boisterous boy, a little fatheaded, but harmless and perhaps, on the Republican side, worth catering to a bit, as he showed the capacity to get together a personal following, belonged to an old and highly respectable family, and had money and energy to spend in the prosecution of his political ambitions. Things continued like this for some years and finally he began to cherish mayoral ambitions. Again these were regarded rather as a joke than otherwise by the bosses, until, the said bosses involving themselves in a first-class internecine rumpus, Thompson sprung a surprise on them by actually grabbing off the Republican nomination four years ago. And still he was not regarded seriously. The Democratic nominee then—as again at the 1919 election—was Robert M. Sweitzer. Sweitzer, while he did not represent an undivided democracy, by any means, was counted on to beat Thompson rather easily at the polls. And then came

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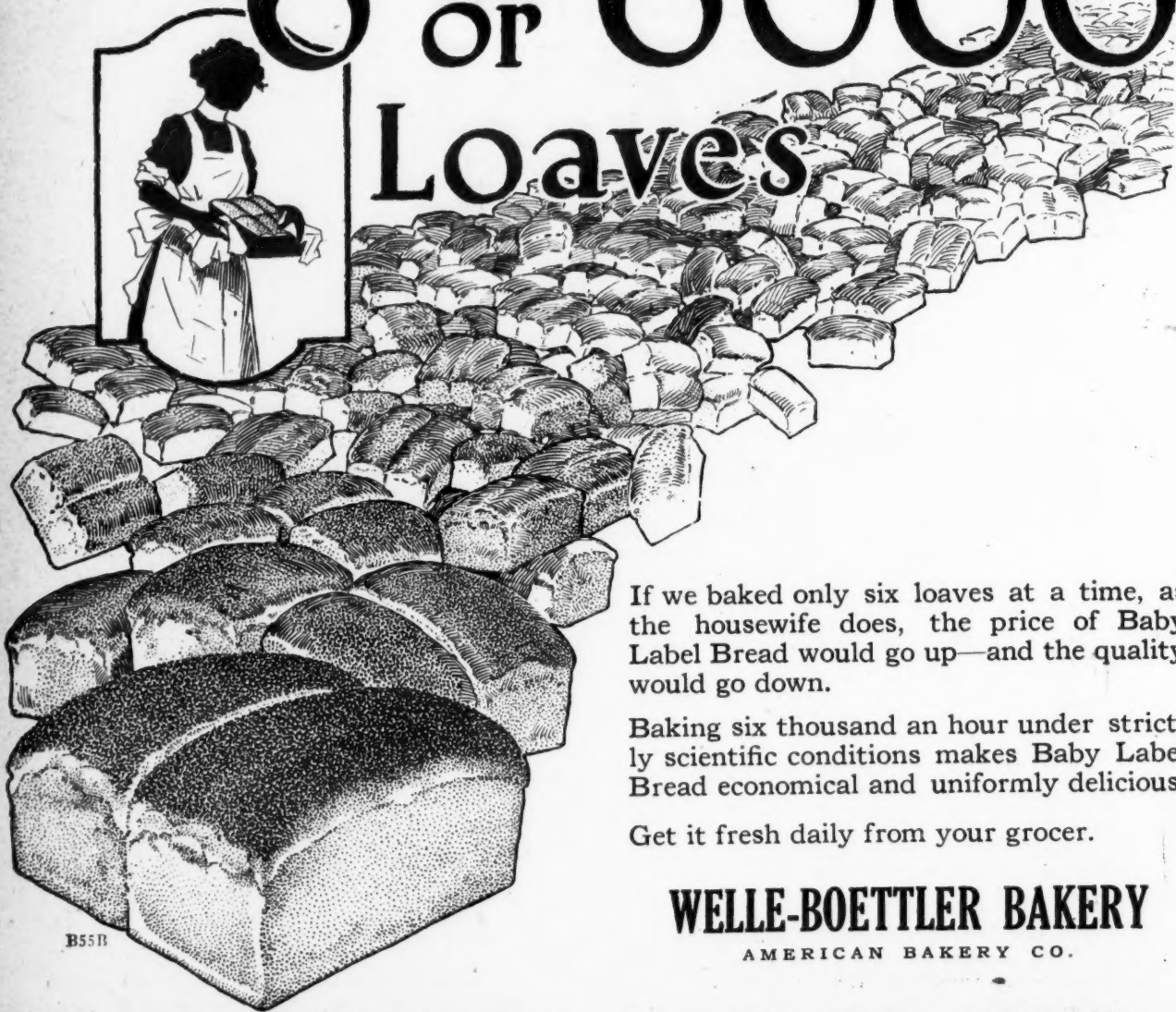
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another surprise—Thompson defeated Sweitzer by a thundering majority, something like 135,000.

No portion of the press of Chicago had ever been enthusiastic over Thompson. He owed none of his political success to any member or members of the local "newspaper trust," as it is familiarly known. And he was looked upon by both the newspapers and the "regulars" in the political camps as an "accident."

Accidents sometimes prove troublesome. And Thompson proved so. He was the first and only mayor that had ruled Chicago within the memory of the oldest inhabitant who "stood alone," who was absolutely unfettered by any obligation to any political boss or newspaper. He took office disliked by all of them—and this dislike soon matured into a thorough-going hatred.

As a matter of course, as soon as he took office, both the newspapers and the bosses began to attempt to either use him or dictate to him, as is their cus-

tom. But they were in for a rude awakening. "Big Bill" refused to be either used or dictated to. He chose as his chief adviser a personage of Scandinavian antecedents, Fred Lundin, a man little known among the regulars and one who had kept aloof from their cliques. He had managed "Big Bill's" campaign and brought home the bacon. "Big Bill" therefore tied up with him and has never untied. And Lundin has just brought home the bacon again. That he is one of the wildest political maneuverers ever identified with the municipal affairs of this city is now acknowledged by large numbers of very sore-headed individuals who a few years ago alluded to him with abysmal contempt.

A man whom the newspapers and the regulars cannot control is bound to incur their deadly enmity. This is particularly true if the man in question is himself a dour fighter. And just such a fighter "Big Bill" has proved to be. The chief newspaper dictators of Chicago are the *Tribune*, ostensibly Repub-

lican; the *Daily News*, ostensibly independent, and the *Examiner* and *American*, which are Hearst-Democratic. The chief bosses in Thompson's party, the Republican, are ex-Governor Charles S. Deneen and the present attorney general of the commonwealth, Edward J. Brundage. All of them hate "Big Bill" as his satanic majesty does holy water.

From a period dating shortly after his mayoralty triumph, four years ago, they began their warfare upon him. Every avenue of attack was used to the limit—direct and indirect, open and aboveboard or subterranean, honorable and dishonorable, deserved or undeserved, fusillades from the front and stiletos from the rear. No bets were overlooked and no stones left unturned. Yet "Big Bill" has triumphed. He has trimmed them all—newspapers and bosses. He has bearded them in their lairs and defied them to their teeth; their scalps are dangling at his belt and once again he takes his seat in the mayor's chair unfettered by obliga-

tions to any of them, defiant of them and openly promising to go his own way, regardless of their threats.

You may or may not admire such a man. But you are bound to respect him. Enough of the voters of Chicago do to have re-elected him. They are perfectly aware of all the terrible things of which he has been accused, but they prefer him to his accusers. And in this they are not far wrong.

The feeling is abroad in Chicago that the most sinister influence in the municipality is its "newspaper trust." The chief components thereof are the *Tribune*, the *Daily News* and the Hearst organs, the *Examiner* and *American*. It takes the public, many-headed but slow-witted Demos, a long time to shake of the old idea that a newspaper is a publication for the dissemination of the news, and to awake to the fact that the big, modern daily is merely the instrument of a man, or body of men, for the promotion of absolutely selfish and usually unscrupulous ends and aims; the said ends and aims being the acquisition of the largest amount of money and power possible.

Here in Chicago, the *Tribune* is the instrument of aggrandizement of the McCormicks. The *Daily News* is that of Victor Lawson. As for Hearst's papers—the name is enough. Last fall, by a system of incredible Machiavellianism, the *Tribune* managed to secure the election of one of its owners, Medill McCormick, to the United States senate. The *Tribune* has fought the Republican organization in Chicago for years, but has always done politics with one of its big bosses, Charles S. Deneen. Deneen is one of those forceful and dominant personalities whose dominance cannot remain absolute because of his coldly colossal selfishness and ingratitude. He might have been president of the United States but for this. He did manage to become twice governor of Illinois before his following found him out. In the last few years, but that certain of his allies had stuck with him, he would have lost his last vestige of power. As it is, he still retains some of it—enough so he is still a boss.

Last fall Deneen wanted to become the Republican nominee for United States senator. At almost any other time the *Tribune* would have been with him. So would the *Daily News*. But the *Tribune* man, McCormick, also wanted to go to the senate. Moreover, the *Tribune* knew that even if it assisted in forcing the nomination of Deneen, his defeat at the polls would be certain. Lawson, of the *Daily News*, between whom and Deneen the relations had always been even closer than those between Deneen and the *Tribune*, knew this, too. McCormick and Lawson formed an alliance and served notice on Deneen that the psychological moment had arrived for him to renounce his senatorial aspirations—and if he would do so, in McCormick's favor, they would help him to certain municipal plums which he coveted.

The upshot was that Deneen withdrew in McCormick's behalf and that Lawson also came out for the *Tribune* man. But McCormick's nomination was hopeless without the endorsement of the

regular Republican organization, and as the "Trib" had fought that for years, this seemed a problem. However, it was solved by an agreement between the two. The organization agreed to back McCormick if the "Trib" would back the organization slate at the primaries. McCormick was opposed for the nomination by Thompson, who had also developed the senatorial yearning. At the critical moment the "Trib," with its customary duplicity, played the G. O. P. organization a Punic trick. The organization did a lot of hard work and put McCormick over—Thompson beat him to a pulp in the city, but the down-state poll more than offset this. But a couple of days before the primaries, when McCormick was virtually a cinch, the "Trib" slashed the G. O. P. slate to ribbons and endorsed a bunch of Deneen men for offices that Deneen had evidently "traded for" when he withdrew from the senatorial candidacy. The most important of these was the shrievalty. Lawson followed the McCormick lead and did likewise. The G. O. P. organization was furious but powerless. It recognized that it had been overreached. As the regular organization candidate for senator, the party was obliged to vote for McCormick, or else see the then-incumbent, J. Ham Lewis, a Democrat, returned. So they voted for McCormick, grinding their teeth with rage, and at the same time saw their slate smashed to pieces by the success of the Deneen candidates that McCormick and Lawson had put over at the eleventh hour.

The stinging defeat that "Big Bill" administered to McCormick in the municipal primaries for senator should have taught McCormick and Lawson a lesson in so far as the coming mayoralty election was concerned—but it didn't. Their success went to their heads and led to their undoing. When the mayoralty primaries came around this spring, they promoted, for the Republican nomination, Harry Olson, Chief Justice of the local Municipal Court. They had done the same thing four years ago, and Olson, who is merely a political puppet, dancing to the wire pulling of the newspapers and Deneen, had come a cropper. This time, however, they were confident they could land him. But here another aspirant threw a monkey wrench into the machinery. This was a former pet of both the "Trib" and the News, Charles S. Merriam. Merriam first attracted attention as a radical professor on the faculty of the Chicago University. Then he went in for politics and, as an advertising proposition and a tool, the "Trib" and the News took him up. First they ran him independently for mayor, for the avowed purpose of smashing the G. O. P. They smashed the G. O. P. all right, but merely elected a Democratic mayor. Then they actually succeeded in forcing the G. O. P., for the next mayoralty campaign, to nominate Merriam as the head of their organization ticket. But the rank and file of the G. O. P. drew their snickersnees at the election and Merriam was slaughtered. Thereafter he became rather a piker, politically, and finally, after the war broke out, was made a swivel-chair captain and went to France on some sort

of relief work. He returned from there last summer in a uniform and a state of self-determined candidacy for the mayoralty. But the "Trib" and News had lost interest in him and taken on Olson. They ordered Merriam to pull out. Merriam declined to do so and ran independently at the primaries, which was quite a factor in the defeat of Olson and nomination of Thompson.

The morning after the primaries, in announcing the result, the "Trib" came out for Maclay Hoyne, a Democrat, as independent mayoralty candidate. Hoyne is now playing his second engagement as states attorney for Cook county—in which office he has distinguished himself by a mixture of brazen assertiveness and lamentable incapacity. He had

not opposed the Democratic nominee, Sweitzer, in the primaries, staying out of that fight; but now the "Trib" decided to promote him in order to defeat Thompson. But here the "Trib" and the News parted company. Sweitzer, the Democratic nominee, is merely a stalking horse for his near relative, Roger Sullivan, the paramount Democratic boss of the municipality, who for

years has been trying and trying to get the city hall into his inside pocket. Roger is one of the most-hated, disliked, and distrusted bosses that the Chicago democracy has ever danced to. Owing to the fact that he is one of the bosses of the local gas trust, which the public hereabout hates with a venomous hatred (and for reasons) Roger's efforts thus far to make himself the uncrowned king



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of Chicago have met with failures that would discourage anybody but a multi-millionaire determined to stay in the game.

Blanche, Tray and Sweetheart were notorious for hunting together. And bosses who are commonly interested in big public utilities like to pool their political interests, whereby one hand may be made to wash the other when needful. Victor Lawson is popularly believed to be deep in the Chicago Telephone Co., and the *entente cordiale* between his utility and Sullivan's became evident when, four years ago, he helped promote Sullivan's man Sweitzer for the mayoralty. And this spring, of course, he decided to do it again. In consequence, the *News* came out for that candidate. Sweitzer was also promoted by the *Journal*, which refused to follow Hoyne.

Meanwhile the plot was thickened by the fact that the two Hearst papers, the *Examiner* and *American*, owing to the long-standing feud between Hearst and Sullivan, were fighting Sweitzer to the death. In consequence, they took up Hoyne and made common cause in his behalf with the McCormicks and the "Trib." In the meanwhile, the *Post*, formerly our high-brow evening sheet,

but latterly a queer and quaint mixture of the yellows and progressivism, for reasons best known to itself (and, perhaps, the good Roger Sullivan) took the Sweitzer end.

Behold, therefore, all these different individuals, organizations and interests playing the game as for life and death for their own selected candidates—but all of them, without exception, piled on the back of "Big Bill" like a pack of hounds worrying a boar.

Believe me, it was fierce and lively while it lasted!

Thompson, having no newspaper support, went direct to the people. He had more than enough ammunition, and he used it with telling effect. When he was accused of pro-Germanism, he produced the impassioned appeals, printed in the German language and addressed to the German citizens of Chicago, which Sweitzer (whose German name is an assumed one—his real cognomen and ancestry are said to be Hibernian) had issued in his campaign four years ago. He stressed the fact that Sweitzer was merely the creature of Sullivan, and that Sullivan was the *deus ex machina* of the odious People's Gas octopus. He met attacks of the Hoyne hosts by call-

ing attention to the unholy alliance of Hearst and McCormick which was behind him. And he published a series of statements showing the dealings of the *Tribune* and the *News*, both of which occupy buildings erected upon public school property, that caused the taxpayers some very solemn thoughts.

It became evident well in advance of the poll, despite the fact that all the newspapers were howling for his blood, that the "wets" (Sweitzer being their avowed champion) were ag'in him; that the Deneen wing of his own party would slash him, and that the Brundage wing, while ostensibly with him, was really prepared to throw thousands of votes the other way—despite all these things, it became apparent to the sagacious watchers of the political skies that "Big Bill" was coming back. That nothing could stop him. That while he might not be faultless, the enemies he had made cried out his cause to the welkin in clarion tones.

And, surely enough, he has come back!

There are many interesting angles of the situation upon which I have not touched, space precluding it. I have been content to sketch outlines only. There are a thousand subtle and shifting lights and shadows that I cannot attempt to fill in. But without them, how "Big Bill" came back is a sufficiently interesting story, is it not?

Wanted to Know It

An old farmer who, by hard work and parsimonious habits, had got together a little fortune, decided that the time had at length arrived when he was justified in ordering a family carriage. He went to a carriagebuilder's, and described in detail the kind of vehicle he wished to buy.

"Now, I suppose you want rubber tires?" said the carriagebuilder.

"No, sir," replied the old farmer in tones of resentment. "My folks ain't that kind. When they're riding they want to know it."—*Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman*.

"Somebody should stand up for the street railways," exclaimed the man who believes in fair play. "Sir," exclaimed the protesting citizen, "as a passenger I have stood up for them twice a day for years."—*Washington Star*.

Dibbs—Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?

Higgs—I know it.

Dibbs—Ah! Perhaps you have seen one of the instruments?

Higgs—Seen one? I married one!—*London Tit-Bits*.

Ma—No, Gladys will not become engaged until she is twenty.

Pa—But, my dear woman, she may not get the chance when she is twenty.

Ma—Well, then, she will remain twenty until she does.—*London Mail*.

Snito—Sir, I ask for your daughter Imogen's hand.

Her Father—Certainly, my boy, certainly—take the one that's always in my pocket!—*The Passing Show*.

Music Supervisors

By Victor Lichtenstein

The twelfth annual meeting of the Music Supervisors' National Conference took place in St. Louis last week; how many of our orthodox professional musicians were aware of the fact and its significance for the future of America? I say future of America advisedly, for if we are to build up a nation whose growth is to represent more than the efficiency development of materialistic success and comfort, we must strike root in the spiritual soil of man; and this trend can best be given by incorporating music in our public schools as a study worthy of at least the same attention as that given to arithmetic and grammar.

How sad the commentary of many of our directors in camp, that our soldiers cannot sing! It will not do to blame the singing directors as a body, for some have achieved remarkable success. It will not do to blame the community "sing" leaders in the large cities, many of whom are doing commendable work. If our soldiers cannot sing, it is the fault of our public schools. We are not here criticising the school-teacher, or the supervisor, or the system even, but the financial administrators of the system. With few exceptions, the directors of our public school organization have never admitted whole-heartedly the essential spirituality of man. The only way we shall ever build up a musical nation is by developing a school system that appreciates music and is willing to pay for it by employing experts to teach it.

But to the art side of the conference. Two things stand out distinctly in my memory of a pleasant and profitable week. First, the concert given by members of the negro race in the ballroom of the Statler, and second, the supervisors' chorus concert.

The program of the first named was arranged by Mr. Gerald Tyler, assistant supervisor of music for the colored schools of St. Louis. Preliminary to the concert John Wesley Work, professor of Latin and history, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., read an admirably thought out paper on "The Development of the Music of the Negro from the Folk Song to the Art Song and Art Chorus." Professor Work's claim that the negro spiritual would be one of the elements contributory to the edifice of a national expression in music, is sound and logical. Note that he calls it a contributory element merely; and he also differentiates between "an American negro folk song" and "a folk song of the African negro in America."

But the concert was "the thing." A male quartet of students from the Fisk University, Professor Work leading, sang a number of pathetic, humorous, hopeful, jubilating spirituals, with a tender, lovely tone quality, a miraculous blending of all voices, an uncanny purity of intonation, and unerring refinement of taste, ravishing the senses and spirit. No wonder Dvorak was impressed by the plantation songs of the South!

Mrs. Florence Cole Tolbert of Baltimore displayed a lovely cultivated

soprano and a delicacy of taste in her presentation of songs of S. Coleridge-Taylor, Harry T. Burleigh and Gerald Tyler.

Mr. Tyler deserves more than a word in passing. His "Dirge for a Soldier" (published in St. Louis by Shattinger) is a distinct addition to the literature of song, and not merely a conventional ephemeral war song of the day. A free and plastic harmonic treatment lifts it out of the commonplace; its nobility of rhythm and melodic line will command attention. The quaint dialect song, "Shine on, Mr. Sun," tells the story of the care-free negro who is warming his toes at the fire on a pleasant day in February and who humorously informs Old Sol "to shine on, but he won't get dis nigger outside." Unusual treatment of the accompaniment is a distinguishing characteristic. The composer sang and played his own compositions, evidencing a masterly command of his resources.

The program closed with an interpretation of Nathaniel R. Dett's vocal quintet, "Weeping Mary." Dett is one of the younger generation of native negro musicians and sings in genuine choral idiom. Bach and Puccini might have been his foreground; for he possesses the grandeur of the first and the intense nervous, rhapsodical ecstasy of the second (Tosca). Dett will take his place with the original creative spirits of the first half of the twentieth century. Miss Mabel Story, Mrs. C. H. Evans and Mr. Tyler, all of St. Louis, assisted Mr. Work and Mrs. Tolbert in a dignified reading of the quintet and, likewise, of Burleigh's version of "Dig My Grave" and "Deep River."

The concert might be called an appeal from the heart and spirit of the black race to the dominant white race.

Conference Chorus.

On Thursday evening last occurred one of those rare moments when a happy co-ordination of favorable conditions result in a glimpse of that beauty which is immanent in the universal Soul. A chorus of about 350 supervisors from every state in the union, assisted by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, gave a unique "choral interpretation of the war" with connecting text from the works of Walt Whitman. This interpretation consisted in thrilling and majestically beautiful singing of the national songs of Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy and the United States of America, followed by Fay Foster's "The Americans Come," Arthur Edward Johnston's "America's Message," Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," T. Tertius Noble's "Souls of the Righteous," Arthur Sullivan's "Sink and Scatter Clouds of War," and as a magnificent climax, Percy E. Fletcher's "A Song of Victory."

It is doubtful whether anyone present had ever heard more inspiring choral singing in every sense connoted by this overworked word. Superb precision in attack, exquisite blending of the different choirs, shading that was a ravishment of the senses of even the most hardened orchestral veteran, and dominating all, the masterful humanity of a masterful leader of men and women,

Doctor Hollis Dann of Cornell University.

A few words as to some of the music. Tertius Noble's "Souls of the Righteous" (unaccompanied) had the beauty of an exquisite horn quartet, the delicacy of the Flonzaleys at their best, and an organ-like richness and sonority in the climaxes. The big moment of the evening came with a performance of Fletcher's "A Song of Victory." Fletcher, a contemporary Englishman, has caught the titanic spirit of the times in triumphant words and jubilating music. Even the perennially fresh and spirited "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" seemed somewhat of an anticlimax after the cosmic harmonies of Fletcher's "God Save Our Motherland, Land of the Free."

On the same program a chorus of about 500 high school children, also accompanied by our symphony orchestra and directed by E. L. Coburn, St. Louis supervisor of music, gave a group of numbers by Beethoven, Gounod, Rachmaninoff, etc.; and Mr. Zach led the orchestra in rousing readings of the Tannhauser Overture and Tchaikowsky's "Marche Slav."

One of the significant branches of music study in the public schools, the appreciation section, utilizes reproducing instruments of the phonograph type, and the system of instruction is developed along lines indicated by the writer in his high school lecture-concerts with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra in 1913-1914.

Altogether, the meetings told us of vital contributions to the present-day educational theories in music; and the supervisors are confidently looking forward to the millennium when the child of brilliant parts will be trained at the expense of the community; when the average boy and girl will receive the spiritual benefits of a systematic course in music appreciation at least; and lastly, when the backward children of our great country will not be shut out from the glorious harmony of the "music of the spheres," but will be tenderly guided by sympathetic helpers to the entrance, at least, of the gates of that celestial city dreamed of in the dreams of all lovers of mankind.

A Novel Decision

By George White

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has ruled that the State Legislature has not only power to prescribe utility rates, but also to arrange for the taxation of cities and towns that are served by utilities, as a means of making provisions to meet utility deficits caused by low utility rates, when the utilities are operated by government agencies, even if owned by private shareholders.

The decision was called for in relation to what is known as the Boston Elevated Railroad, which was placed under public control last year, and is being operated by trustees appointed by the governor of the state.

The opinion handed down in part runs as follows:

"Since transportation of the public, such as is furnished by the Boston Elevated, is a public purpose, there is no

imperative constitutional requirement that it must be operated by the public authorities at cost or at a profit.

"The present bills provide for taxation in order that dividends may be paid to the stockholders of a public service corporation. It commonly has been held that stockholders of such corporations, who have wisely and honestly invested in property actually used for the benefit of the public, are entitled to a reasonable return upon their investment.

"We are unable to discern any distinction in principle between public operation at a loss, to be made up by general taxation, or a utility owned by the public and a contribution from public money made toward the efficient maintenance of the same utility in private ownership but under public operation.

"Therefore, we are of the opinion that the public has a concern in the continued operation of the Boston Elevated Railway by the trustees appointed by the governor, in a safe and practical manner adequate for the needs of those who travel.

"If the rational way to accomplish this result is an assumption by the public of a part of the expense, so that the burden of operation shall not fall alone upon the shareholders but also in part

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Just as Much Thought and
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It is the little niceties of dress—Footwear, Gloves, Accessories—that token the gentlewoman—create the well-groomed ensemble.

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Spring Sewing wanted by a first class colored dressmaker for well-to-do lady. Piece work, or "out" at \$4.00 a day. Fifteen years' Eastern experience. Stranger in St. Louis.

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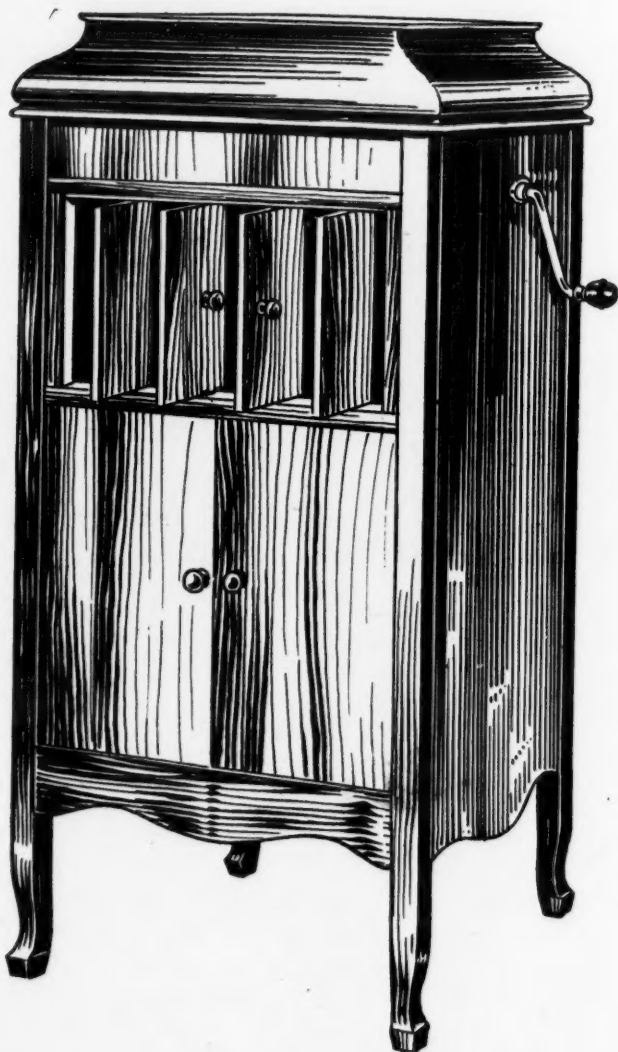
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SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to this particular Columbia Grafonola on account of its unusually large size, beautiful appearance and exquisite tone quality. It is a full cabinet machine—has all the exclusive Columbia features—triple spring drive motor, piano hinged lid and numbered compartments to hold your records—priced at **\$90⁰⁰**

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upon the cities and towns using the service in the way provided in the proposed bills, that is a public purpose."

This decision is unique in that it brings into view and attaches some legal sanction to the suggestion that utilities are primarily operated not for profit but for public purposes, and that, even if privately owned but publicly operated, there is no reason why the service should be entirely supported by the payments of users of the utilities. The decision points out that the rational way of running a public utility may be to charge less than the service is really worth, or perhaps even charge nothing at all to particular users of utility services, and allow the service to be supported wholly or in part, by some form of taxation on the territory served.

According to this decision, there appears to be no reason why, under municipal ownership, a city may not only furnish schools and teachers free to the children of residents, and pay the bills out of taxation, but may also furnish water, or light, or transportation free to actual users, and rely upon taxation to provide the funds.

Taking a larger view, the decision goes some way toward suggesting that, under government operation of railroads, for instance, passenger and freight rates need not be such as to carry on the business at a profit—may be deliberately calculated to bring about deficits. Indeed, the scheme might even go so far as to furnish transportation as free to all users as are the streets of a city, or moving sidewalks might be in a city.

It is certainly true that great strides are being made toward changing the general views of our people in regard to public utilities. Just what the result will be is hard to determine.

It Pays to Advertise!

Does it? Well, just look at the *Post-Dispatch*. We are not talking about the editorial page now. We are not interested in the pictures or the news. We are not thinking about the policy that makes a newspaper popular with the man in the street car who has two coppers to pay for an evening paper. We had our mind's eye on that man's wife, who is going downtown shopping tomorrow, and wants to know where to look for the best bargains and the latest styles.

Which paper does father bring home? The *P-D*, of course. And why? The latest statement from that paper's business office gives the reason, in figures that can't be controverted or questioned. During the month of March the *Post-Dispatch* carried 1,365,560 lines of legitimate paid advertising. During the same month, its nearest competitor carried 1,201,200 lines, and its two afternoon competitors carried but 698,100 lines. In the same period the combined advertising of the *Republic*, the *Star* and the *Times* was 1,030,200 lines, not including exchange and legal advertising, which latter are not considered in estimating the pulling power of an advertisement.

Why is it that one paper in the city distances all the others in this one particular? Father will tell you that it is

because mother and the girls insist on having that one paper as a shopping guide. Ask the St. Louis merchant why he gives his largest and most important contract to the *Post-Dispatch*, and he will answer that it is because the women insist on using that paper as a shopping guide. Being a wise man, he advertises his goods in the paper the women read.

You can't get away from the women. Even the business office of a metropolitan daily registers their dominating influence. When they are warm for it, its golden mercury column rises. Let them give it the cold shoulder, and see how quickly its column will run down. The women know that if they want to advertise for a maid, a cook or a lost umbrella, the paper that will bring results is the *Post-Dispatch*. The people who want positions or who have found lost articles read the *P-D*. because they know where the thing they want to know about will be advertised. A double-back-action proposition like that is hard to beat. With advertiser and reading public harnessed together and pulling in unison, in the same direction, nothing can resist that kind of a "pull."

We began to say, a little while ago, that with the ending of the war, business would certainly slump, just as they declared that at the close of the world's fair St. Louis would experience a period of damaging depression. There is no doubt that the quantity of advertising carried by the daily papers is an index to business conditions. During the first three months of this year the *Post-Dispatch* printed 3,572,240 lines of the very highest class advertising. In that same time the *Globe-Democrat* and *Republic* printed 3,238,500 lines. And now for another test of business conditions—not to mention the evidence of popularity and business success for the paper itself—the *P-D*. during one hundred consecutive days, ending with April 9, outstripped its own record for the corresponding days of last year.

A year ago everything was booming, on account of the war. Prices were higher, wages were higher, excitement was higher than it ever was in the history of the country. Business felt the general excitement. With the ending of the war, it was to be expected that there would be a slump all along the line. Instead of the falling off in advertising, the business office shows that there has been a steady and consistent advance, without a break of a single day. Such a thing as this has never been recorded by any metropolitan daily in America. Does it pay to advertise? I should say it does: In the *Post-Dispatch*.

Satisfaction

An Irishman presented himself before a Liverpool magistrate to seek advice.

"Sor," he said, "I kapes hens in my cellar, but th' water pipes is bust, an' me hens is all drowned."

"Sorry I can't do anything for you," said the magistrate; "you had better apply to the water company."

A few days later Pat again appeared. "Well, what now? What did the water company tell you?" queried the magistrate.

"They tould me, yer honour," was the reply, "to kape ducks."—*Tit-Bits*.

Jacques Copeau

By Edna Wahlert McCourt

La Nouvelle Revue Francaise has recently issued from its New York house a small, rich book by Waldo Frank, entitled "The Art of the Vieux Colombier: A Contribution of France to the Contemporary Stage." As a thing it is well-comely good to the eye and touch, published by Gaston Gallimard, the simple sincere craftsman who is straining to conjure simple, sincere, and so, beautiful, bookcraft from the clutter of dreggy-paged, ill-margined, yellow-backed French volumes with which we have all become too unhappily familiar and the Frenchman too content.

The little book awakens a promethean interest which is threefold: in its author, its gist, and the fact of its appearance.

Although the name of Waldo Frank has not yet penetrated the imporous, constipated lay mind, there is a scattered mass here and abroad for whom it has specific vulcan significance. Primarily, perhaps, as an editor of that revolutionary magazine *The Seven Arts*, which dared to print Romain Rolland's vision for America and Theodore Dreiser's creed, by himself; to champion Leo Ornstein; to present Paul Rosenfeld's interpretation of the music of Ernest Bloch as well as that master's own word; Amy Lowell's "Guns as Keys and the Great Gate Swings"; vital chunks of H. D. Lawrence, Beresford, Sherwood Anderson. . . . Followers of the newer dramatic movement think of him as the *Quixote* who first dared call New York's darling, The Washington Square Players, insincere, flippant, shallow. Others, as the author of as significant a novel as New America has produced, "The Unwelcome Man," whose lyric beauty of form equals the poignancy with which it portrays the anaesthetization of a boy's soul by a stupid society.

The gist of Waldo Frank's new book is interesting enough to be read as a tale. It is the "story" of Jacques Copeau, whom the French government sent to New York in 1917 as the voice of its new generation. From a provincial town Copeau went as a youth to Paris, his eye and heart on the theatre. But the drama of the boulevards disgusted him; the commercial drama chilled him; "the new twilight of Maeterlinck impressed him less by its iridescence than its dampness." He did admire the Symbolists and the Naturalists, but he found in neither group a satisfying, "rounded reality." In 1907 he became dramatic critic of the *Grande Revue* from whose pages his simple, violent, prophetic voice arose to be caught and replied to by other sharp, new spirits: Verhaeren, Charles-Louis Philippe, André Gide, Paul Claudel, Péguy. His dramatic essays were not witty to personal end (as Shaw's): they did not seek applause. Indeed, they were often dry and laborious and solemn, even while flaying and cleansing and creating. But they became the authentic voice of a new, strong group of French artists!

In spite of this literary success, Copeau had never taken his eye or desire from the theatre itself: he longed to act in it, to build it. But there was

no theatre in France for Copeau's genius. He found only elaborate "shows," or houses maintained to flaunt esoteric vapidities. He had no faith in the tendency of Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig to substitute for literary deficiency color, light, trappings, graphic and abstract details of artform: *his faith lay in the literary drama.*

Finally, encouraged and strengthened by the group of his artist-friends, he produced, in 1909, at the *Théâtre des Arts*, his own dramatization of "*Les Frères Karamazov*" . . . and thus met Dullin, up to that time a reciter in the *cafés* of Montmartre, who created the rôle of *Smerdiakoy* and astounded Paris . . . and Jouvey, a druggist of necessity and an actor of genius.

In 1913 Copeau rented a cheap, small hall in old Paris—the people's Paris—whither he believed drama had retreated from the boulevards. Its vestibule was fitted up with musical slot-machines and penny-movies and its interior was gilt pastry, but from it, at the wizard touch of his faith, emerged a chaste Little Theatre done in black and yellow, with a green curtain. A friend lent Copeau a garret, reached by a ladder, and there he selected his troupe. Once banded, he took them away from Paris to his home in the country; there they lived and worked together, read, exercised in physical culture and the dance, invented and acted plays. They unlearned much during their apprenticeship: they learned vibrantly that "the one originality of interpretation is that which grows organically from a profound knowledge of text . . . that the true *mise-en-scène* is the integrated sum of every gesture, every word, every color, and every volume upon the stage; that the dramatic art is an orchestration in which all of the senses are enlisted to recreate the spiritual content of the play."

Equipped with this knowledge and the faith and courage of it, Copeau and his troupe returned to Paris. He wrote a pamphlet for *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise* entitled "*Un Essai de rénovation dramatique*," on dramatic housecleaning. Paris read it, and filled his *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*. In the seats of this little theatre, Paris, for one year, received practical demonstration of a possible new respect for the classics, of a possible smashing of the harlotries of the commercial stage without losing any of its gaiety and lightness, and of an actual rallying point for authors, actors, and spectators who are tormented by the need of once more restoring to the stage its inherent beauty. With simplicity and chastity Copeau laid the basis of a vital modern theatre and drama. He substituted for the *picturesque* of the commercial stage inner search and contemplation, realizing that the freedom of Elizabethan action and the purity of classic France grew from a lack of mechanical devices. (These, however, he never disregarded unless they conflicted with the integral unit of the plays.) But most radical of his demonstrations was this: that truth and beauty and pleasure appear on the stage when voice, language, gesture, movements, costume, and decoration are relied upon only as mood to "throw up the volume and movement

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OLIVE AT TENTH

*Present a Wonderful Collection of
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Capes and Dolmans

\$49.50, \$59.50, \$75 and up

Fashion has ordained the Cape and Dolman as proper for Spring service, and our selections vary from refined developments in serge, tricotine, and Poiret twill for everyday wear, to luxurious afternoon types of tricolette, satin, duvetyne and evora.

Each Steinberg garment is characterized by unusual smartness and individuality, and the satisfaction you will derive from it is heightened by the finesse of detail and the careful attention paid to tailoring and finishing.

Evening Mantles

We offer a collection of evening wraps that far transcends former exhibitions. Luxurious models of Paulette, Satin, Tricolette and effective combinations, showing unusual embroidery, beading, skein silk handwork and fringing.

of human groupings and uttered lines." The war came. For three years nearly all of the little company of actors fought. Then Copeau was summoned by his government from the trenches and ordered to gather together his scattered troupe and proceed with it to New York. And there, for two years, at the Vieux Columbier, he has been demonstrating once more the practicality of his theories.

The real significance of the little book, "The Art of the Vieux Columbier," is not in the romance of Jacques Copeau. It is in the fact that an American has sympathized with the ideals of Jacques Copeau sincerely enough to have written it. I do not mean to insinuate that the French Theatre has

lacked press notice during its visit to the United States; eastern newspapers and many periodicals have filled inches with accountals of its affairs, not unfrequently exhibiting intelligent interest. But nowhere except in this essay have I encountered an aesthetic criticism of its art. The dramatic reviewer, whether he slashes promiscuously, patronizes, yawns, enumerates, or licks his chops over our beautiful crop of aesthetic abortions, projects his personality. This reiteration which recently literally swept the country—"Of course, 'Lord and Lady Algy' is an impossibly vapid play, but O Boy, did you see Maxine's profile!"—unfolds and reveals the character of our critics as much as her appearance in the play

exposes the pretty lady. Just so the form and content of Waldo Frank's appreciation of Copeau's principles reveal the courageous and perhaps profound critic. Reading, the authenticity of the text becomes the authenticity of tenet. The picture becomes something more than introduction to a new organic life in France, and, because France is the center of other cultures, in Europe. It is a distinctive American utterance. It is America's sympathy with the "practical morale" of the French group that the Vieux Columbier represents. It is the clear cry of America's blinking but energetic inkling that "the play's the thing" and the literary drama must remain the soul of the theatre—if there is to be any theatre.

New Books Received

Orders of any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE by Charles Ferguson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

An American social philosopher with a flaming style foreshows coming changes in the world. Mr. Ferguson is not classifiable. His analysis of conditions shows him to be an eclectic but his conclusions incline to radicalism in religion, politics, culture and commerce.

SAVE AMERICA by Frank Putnam. Milwaukee, Wis.: Published by the author at 434 Public Service Bldg., \$1.

This booklet contains the nine letters recently contributed by Mr. Putnam to REEDY'S MIRROR. The subject is the proposed League of Nations. Mr. Putnam is against it "from hell to breakfast." He writes with racy vigor about men and measures and his "case" includes practically everything that others have said against the league, with many original comments of his own. The letters are followed by an appendix containing the articles of the covenant as originally printed, with a brief, snappy comment on each by Mr. Putnam. Other items in the appendix deal with the British origin of the League of Nations constitution, the Lodge resolution on the League, etc. An example of brilliant polemic.

DRAMATIC TECHNIQUE by George Pierce Baker. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$3.75.

An authoritative discussion of the acting drama. The author is professor of dramatic literature in Harvard University. He is concerned with actual practices of dramatists in the past and has little to say about theories of playwriting. Professor Baker is the best known teacher of dramatic technique in the United States and this volume embodies the results of his years of study and instruction. There are nearly six hundred pages of material and judging from the index there is nothing of importance which may present itself as a problem in playwriting that Professor Baker has overlooked.

DADDY PAT OF THE MARINES by Lt.-Col. Frank E. Evans. New York: F. A. Stokes, \$1.25.

Letters originally written by the author while on active service in France to his six-year old boy in America. They were printed in large and small capital letters with a view to enabling the boy to read with ease. The typography represents so far as possible this chirographic effort upon the part of the author. Very young children will be able to read this book without much trouble. There are some very funny little illustrations which help out the text very effectively. Aside from the story, the volume is a primer of patriotism.

VICTORY, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$1.50.

This anthology, compiled by the literary editor of the Boston Transcript, contains poems by thirty-eight American poets. Not the least interesting feature of it is the introduction by the late Colonel Roosevelt, in which he winds up his appreciation with a ringing call for preparedness against a future cataclysm. The book is dedicated to Ferdinand Foch, Marshal of France. Among the poets represented are Percy Mackaye, Josephine Preston Peabody, Edward Francis Edgett, George Edward Woodberry, Amelia Josephine Burr, Charles Hanson Towne, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Scudder Middleton, Karl Wilson Baker, Wilton Agnew Barrett, Katharine Lee Bates, William Rose Benét, Archie Austin Coates, Grace Hazard Conklin, Mary Caroline Davies, Louise Driscoll, Fenton Johnson, Richard Butler Glaesner, Elizabeth Hanly, Elias Lieberman, Vachel Lindsay, Benjamin R. C. Low, Edgar Lee Masters, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Edward J. O'Brien, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Odell Shepard, George Sterling, Ridgely Torrence, Louis Untermeyer, Willard Wattles, Margaret Widdemer, Clement Wood, Annette Wynne, Witter Bynner, Caroline Gilman, James Oppenheim, Dana Burnet.

THE VALLEY OF VISION by Sarah Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

A novel about a woman in rebellion against the restrictions of village life. A love story

with social implications. Miss Comstock's former novel, "The Soddy," registered a considerable success.

MA PETTENGILL by Harry Leon Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

Another novel of Red Gap by the creator of the famous *Ruggles*. In this book *The Mixer* makes his appearance. The woman who gives the book its title is an original character with a most fascinating American tang. The book reintroduces other characters from Mr. Wilson's former works in fiction.

NOMADS OF THE NORTH by James Oliver Curwood. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

The story of a black bear cub and a strong young pup with a strain of wolf blood. The two "critters" strike up a friendship after a savage fight and wander off upon adventures many. The book contains much illumination upon animal life in the wild, and there is a love story interwoven with it all.

MISS MAITLAND, PRIVATE SECRETARY, by Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton Co., \$1.50.

A novel about a breezy American girl who has been a telephone operator and the wife of a star newspaper reporter. She figures in some highly exciting incidents, one of which is the disappearance of a rich woman's jewels. This and several other mysteries are fascinatingly cleared up by Miss Bonner's heroine.

EXPERTS IN CITY GOVERNMENT by Edward Fitzpatrick. New York: D. Appleton, \$2.25.

This is a volume in the National Municipal League series, in which the author points out how the strain upon the machinery of municipal government is to be met. Of course, it gets away from the idea of purely political municipal officials. Some officials must necessarily be political, but the more important ones should be non-political. The volume is well documented and it is made up of contributions by many distinguished students of municipal government.

BARNEY OLDFIELD'S BOOK FOR THE MOTORIST. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$1.50.

The title sufficiently explains this volume. Everybody knows all about Barney Oldfield. There is a sketch of his life by Homer C. George. Everything one wants to know about his motor car is to be found simply stated herein. The book is especially valuable for the drawings of the motor mechanism.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS by George Allan England. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$1.15.

This is a humorist's reflections upon the funny side of the war regulations imposed upon Americans by Messrs. Hoover, Garfield, McAdoo and others. Various members of a typical American family tell in letters their experiences under these restrictions. There are some extremely funny pictures, drawn by the author himself.

VOLTAIRE IN HIS LETTERS by S. G. Tallentyne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50.

A selection from the correspondence of the great reformer and mocker. Each letter has an introductory explanation by the compiler to clear up the allusions. There are eighty-four letters in all. They deal with Voltaire's love affairs, his quarrel with Frederick the Great, his defense of Count Lally, his opinions on Shakespeare, the Jesuits, the case of Calas and the Sirvens, his criticism on "Clarissa Harlowe," his confession of faith, the earthquake at Lisbon, etc. The book is well printed, adorned with several excellent portraits and is of a certain continuous interest notwithstanding its diversity of subject.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH by Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

A novel about a woman who inherits a cattle ranch and a law suit. How the heroine's unscrupulous foreman is finally brought to his deserts is a moving tale. A feature of the story is a great gun fight of one man against six in a pitch dark gambling room.

BALDER'S DEATH AND LOKE'S PUNISHMENT by Cornelia Stekatee Hulst. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co., 75c.

A version of two incidents in northern mythology taken from the Eddas, 1000 A. D. Miss Hulst has done very well in rendering these myths into English verse at once smooth and vigorous. The volume is highly commended by Professor Rasmus Anderson of the University of Wisconsin.

THE RISING OF THE TIDE by Ida M. Tarbell. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

The first novel by the woman who gained fame by her exposures of the Standard Oil Company. It deals with the life of an American town during the period of the war. The authoress reveals a quite unsuspected talent for the dramatic. A swift portrayal of the American spirit.

THE UNDEFEATED by J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.60.

A novel by one of the most distinguished and popular of English writers. Showing the development of an apparent failure into a man strong and brave. How the war helped this man to redeem himself.

MILDRED CARVER, U. S. A. by Martha Bensley Bruere. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.50.

A novel in which the daughter of an old New York family undergoes experiences which give the reader an insight into the author's view of the rights and duties of men and women in this country in the near future. It ranges from high society to the east side, and from Minnesota to Greenwich Village. A book with a message and also with humor.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY by Charles V. H. Roberts. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press, \$1.50.

A dramatic poem.

OUT AND ABOUT LONDON by Thomas Burke. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.40.

Nobody knows more about London than Mr. Burke. This volume is a fit companion to his former publications, "Nights in London" and "Limehouse Nights." These sketches show the old town in many moods. With description the author mingles incident and adventure. This Englishman's impressions of an American baseball game are especially delightful.

YVETTE by Guy de Maupassant. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.60.

There are ten stories other than the title piece in this collection. The translation is by Mrs. John Galsworthy and there is a short but extremely interesting preface by Joseph Conrad. Lovers of de Maupassant will find here new versions of "Mlle. Fifi," "Two Friends," "A Duel," "Old Mother Savage," "Miss Harriett," "The Umbrella," "The Piece of String," "Queen Hortense," "At Sea" and "A Sale."

THE WAR GARDEN VICTORIOUS by Charles Lathrop Pack. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co.

This volume, with many illustrations, including five striking color plates, covers comprehensively the whole subject of the war garden movement in this country. It makes plain how every garden became a munitions plant. It tells how big business and the railroads and the schools and everybody helped. There are interesting chapters on dehydration. A reference book valuable for facts and interesting as well for its style.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN POETRY by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$2.25.

A book on poetry by a real poet. Mr. Untermeyer contends that American poetry now has become something more than English verse written in the United States. He deals freely, forcefully and fairly with the work of men like Frost, Sandburg and Robinson, and of course with the achievements of Amy Lowell. He also pays his respect to Ezra Pound. He criticizes the young radicals in verse and intimates how they really tend to reactionism. The volume is a review of all important work in verse since Whitman and is a lively record of literary achievement. Mr. Untermeyer quotes copiously from all the authors considered.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY by John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.75.

A discussion of poetry in general and particularly of the newer forms of poetry by the professor of English at Harvard University, formerly occupant of the corresponding chair in Washington University, St. Louis. The tone is easy and unacademic. Mr. Lowes points out and analyses the qualities of greatness in poetry and illuminates the various poetic forms from Chaucer to the imagists. He has much to say about free verse, polyphonic prose and such ultra modern manifestations of the poetic spirit. A constructive and analytical book, most enjoyably written.

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The Victory Loan

Behind the sentiment of patriotism and public duty there are figures and facts by which the government proves the necessity to raise in full the money to be asked for in the loan campaign starting April 21st. One of the largest bills to be paid is the cost of getting rid of our war-time military forces. The itemized bill is convincingly presented in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, as follows:

The War Department estimated shortly after the armistice that it would take \$2,354,317,000 to maintain the army alone until demobilization was completed. This bill was based on the assumption that the military forces could be mustered out within the minimum time limit of ten months. It included the cost of feeding, clothing, housing, paying, and sending home the 3,700,000 men who had been called to the colors by November 11th without the inclusion of incidental expenses.

Each soldier at the front costs the United States \$2,040 a year. Eliminating from this sum items which were expenses of actual fighting and disregarding allowances for transportation, it was found it would cost approximately \$1,270 to keep a soldier twelve months under the present conditions. This comprised \$280 for personal equipment such as bedding and clothing, \$430 for sustenance including food and medical attention, \$480 for pay—this being the average pay for enlisted men and officers—and \$80 for housing charges. The proportionate share of \$1,270 for the ten months of demobilization amounted to \$1,058.30.

The average cost of \$1,058.30 applied to the entire army, overseas men as well as those being trained in this country. Secretary Baker reported that the strength of the American army on November 11th was 3,655,000 men. Of this number 2,002,175 were on overseas duty when the armistice was signed. Two millions of the American Expeditionary Forces to be returned to civil life in ten months means an average of 1,000,000 men to maintain for that time at an expense of \$1,058,300,000.

It was intended to discharge within six months the 1,655,000 soldiers who remained in this country. If this entire force was demobilized within that period it would mean an average of 827,500 men to be maintained for six months at a cost of \$875,743,250. Adding these two totals, the War Department estimated it would cost \$1,934,043,250 to pay for the army until the men were sent home.

By the middle of March, four months after the armistice was signed, only 429,000 soldiers had returned from Europe, or less than one-quarter of the number of foreign service men listed for discharge in the ten-month period used in the War Department estimates. Even if the return of the troops were greatly speeded the cost of maintaining the army until demobilization will probably exceed the original sum set. In addition to the increase resulting from this delay Congress added \$225,000,000 to the bill when it authorized the payment of a sixty-dollar bonus to every man honorably discharged.

Another bill which the government

expects to meet with funds raised by the new loan is the cost of transporting the troops to the demobilization centres in the United States and from there to their civilian homes. Even with every economy this expense will approach half a billion dollars. The cost for the overseas force alone was placed at \$400,000,000 by the War Department.

The fare of each soldier from his camp in France to his home in the United States will be \$200. From the camp in France to a seaport the fare was set at \$64, across the Atlantic \$62, and from the debarkation port in the United States to the soldier's home \$74, a total of \$200.

The apparently high sum of \$64 a man for the fare in France was due to the cost of building the remarkable American transportation system in France, and this is properly charged to the cost of return. The entire system cost \$700,000,000, the railway end alone amounting to \$400,000,000, and the balance going into docks, piers, warehouses and port facilities.

With special government rates it costs the government \$40 a man to carry soldiers in chartered transports. To this was added \$22 necessary to run the ships, keep them in repair, and maintain the crews.

To carry the men from the demobilization camps in this country to their homes the government made an allowance of 3½ cents a mile, which was paid in cash to every man at the time he was handed his discharge. Upon this mileage allowance was based the original estimate of \$20,273,250 to get the men home from their mustering-out station. Congress has now increased the allowance to 5 cents a mile. The total of the estimated expense of getting rid of the army amounted to \$2,594,317,000, or more than half the amount of \$5,000,000,000 which it is understood will be asked for in the Victory Liberty Loan.

The maintenance and demobilization of the military forces is only one of the war bills which the loan will have to meet. Congress in its final hours authorized the payment of more than \$1,600,000,000 of war contracts. Millions of dollars are due for supplies, munitions, and equipment which it was hoped would make the allied offensive of 1919 the final blow of the war. Since November 15th the government has been borrowing at the rate of \$600,000,000 every two weeks to pay off these debts.

The spring drive of 1919 never came and the vast quantities of materials were never used. But the war expenses kept up. Supplies which were ready for delivery had to be accepted and the bills paid. The running expenses of the army amounted to millions of dollars daily even after the fighting stopped. And the cost of maintaining this gigantic army will continue for months and necessitates the loan which is about to be offered to the public.

"You mustn't eat while angry or excited." "Huh?" "That is bad for digestion." "All right. Then stop telling me what the stuff costs."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Marts and Money

They have a perverse and peculiar sort of market in Wall Street right now. Movements are narrow and elusive in most of the determinative instances. They enervate traders. They make it difficult to catch a decent fractional profit during the five-hour session. There are some alluring specialties, of course, which gyrate nimbly and widely at unexpected moments, but the ordinary speculator is not inclined to fool with them at this transitional stage of the market. He's afraid of getting whipsawed in lamentable fashion.

Southern Pacific made a nice jump the other day—from 103½ to 106½, but the profits accruing therefrom were not extensively distributed. The great bulk fell into the grasping hands of the pool. In recent weeks, S. P. has frequently acted as a helpful *deus ex machina* at critical moments. For almost everybody has a sneaking liking for the stock and is willing to buy a hundred shares for a quick turn on the least provocation. It's an elegant stock, of course, one of the "comers," according to the sapient observers. Every broker can reel off a beautiful tale about earning power, accumulated surplus, subsidiary oil properties, splendid investments in Mexico, and all that sort of thing. It must be considered astonishing, indeed, that after all the months of tipping and manipulating, S. P. should still be quoted some six points under the top quotation of last year—110½. Among the faithful it is confidently believed that 125 will be reached before the close of 1919, that is, after things have been straightened out the right way down at Washington.

Dispatches hinting at another revolution in Mexico are not taken seriously. The disposition is to minimize all items of news that are not designed to support the inflationistic propaganda and to promote efforts to liquidate all stocks

that have been conspicuously active since March 1. Leading financiers are not in favor of a severe break in the near future. Such a turn in market affairs would impede endeavors to float the Victory loan within the stipulated period. It would also leave too large a proportion in the hands of the bankers themselves, who already hold enormous bunches of government paper in their vaults. Liberty 4¼ per cents acted a little better lately, though the advance was not really important. The third issue is quoted at 95.70; the fourth at 93.78.

Treasurer Glass thought fit to buoy up flagging spirits by letting it be known that the Victory loan would wind up war financing definitely. "That's fine news," thought Wall Street, and then began to cogitate for a while over the granting of additional loans to France and Italy, amounting to about \$160,000,000 in all. "How many more such loans will we have to grant?" queries Wall Street. Who knows? French and Italian finances are in awful condition, and no mistake, despite soothing words, occasionally, from this, that, or the other self-appointed authority. The immediate result of the two transactions was a quick though rather moderate recovery both in French francs and Italian lire. The quotation for sterling exchange was lifted from \$4.58 to \$4.67 on hasty covering of short commitments in bills on London.

In this connection it must be understood that the government is anxious to come to the succor of the foreign exchange market because of multiplying reports of commercial and industrial depression in the United States. Serious declines in the quotations for the pound sterling, franc and lire would inevitably cripple the importing ability of the nations indicated still more than it has been already since the conclusion of the armistice last November. Anglo-French 5s are down to 96¼.

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The past few days witnessed quite heavy sales of these securities. Downward tendencies still are perceivable also in various other foreign bond and note issues. It is hard to believe, however, that the injuries to values will become disconcerting. For there had been long and persistent liquidation prior to November 11, 1918. There can be no question that a considerable part of the selling is for the account of people who wish to be better prepared for subscribing to the Victory issue. Prices of railroad and industrial bonds show no changes of particular interest.

United States Steel common is quoted at 98. It has been in liberal supply for some days on the little bulges. For this very reason the opinion is growing that the finance committee of the corporation will order another reduction in the quarterly dividend at the meeting three weeks hence. Parties who pretend to know what they are talking about do not hesitate to predict that the quarterly 1 per cent extra will be cut to one-quarter of 1 per cent, or 25 cents, making the total quarterly payment \$1.50, the regular rate being \$1.25. The idea looks

plausible. But would steel common be worth 98 if the annual rate is lowered to \$6? That's the point the Stock Exchange crowd is now discussing in right spirited fashion. It's quite fair to say that 80 would be a more seemly price, especially so when one bestows some thinking upon the confused state of affairs in the iron and steel trade.

For the Industrial Board at Washington has calmly disavowed intention to abide by the schedules recently made public. As a consequence, there's now talk of a wide-open market for steel products, and the depressionistic crew is hinting at severe slashes in prices, suspension of dividend payments, bankruptcy, strikes, etc. Badly exaggerated, of course, like Mark Twain's premature death. The government cannot afford to let matters become much worse than they are at present. Prompt, intelligent, and remedial action is absolutely necessary if the readjustment in industries is not to develop into a grave disaster. With the Sherman Act still in force, the producers themselves cannot fix prices without exposing themselves to criminal prosecution.

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MATINEE DAILY
AUTO GIRLS
EXTRA—TAILING SING
Next—PENNANT WINNERS

As regards the Peace Conference, Wall Street is not given to much worrying. The notion exists that the next few weeks should witness satisfactory termination of proceedings and Germany's signature. As to Bolshevism, financiers hate to think about it. They admit, though, that it constitutes a serious menace, and therefore cordially approve the adoption of strong preventive and protective measures in Europe as well as in the United States. Soviet governments in Hungary and Bavaria cannot be regarded as bull points on the stock market. It can now truthfully be said: "It's a mad world, my masters."

There are intimations that the British government may soon resume gold exports to the United States in order to bring about further stabilization of exchange rates. Indeed there's talk that the whole output of the South African mines may be diverted to New York. Hitherto it has gone into the vaults of the Bank of England.

The net operating income from the railroad companies in February was a trifle more than \$10,000,000, or the smallest in many years. That for February, 1918, was about \$12,500,000. Freight traffic declined 13½ per cent, but higher rates increased total operating revenues to \$350,844,000, or 21 per cent. On the other hand, operating expenses showed an advance of 24 per cent, the total being \$323,235,000. A sorry exhibit, this. It lends color to the remark that the "touch of the government is the touch of death." Protagonists of the former system cannot be blamed if they sit back in their mahogany swivel chairs, smile benignly, and twirl their thumbs over eupletic abdomens. Things are surely going their way.

Finance in St. Louis.

Fourth Street brokers do a fairly satisfactory business these days, relatively considered. Despite the constrictive influences of the forthcoming Victory loan, good issues are readily absorbed at modest concessions, both on the stock exchange and in private offices. The gradual improvement in the investment situation is furthered by intimations from Washington that the impending loan will not be followed by another. Speculative inquiries are not as numerous as they might be, but it is firmly believed in informed quarters that gratifying expansion will be seen before advent of summer. As regards municipal bonds, all that need be said is, that the hardening of prices clearly implies that careful investors have greater faith than ever in the superior character of securities of this category. Numerous issues are quoted at higher prices than the government's Liberty 4s and 4½s.

Latest Quotations.

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Stocks.	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	118	119
Merchants-Laclede Nat.	270	
Nat. Bank of Commerce	134	
State National Bank	190	
Liberty Bank	200	
Mercantile Trust	345	
Mississippi Valley Trust	290	
Mortgage Trust	140	
United Railways com.	2½	3½
United Railways pfd.	10½	11½
United Railways 4s.	51½	
St. L. & Sub. gen. 5s.	52½	

Certain-tyed com.	31½	32½
Certain-tyed 1st pfd.	84	85
Scruggs, V. & B. com.	35½	
do 1st	80	
do 2d	75	85
Mo. Portland Cement	119	77½
Ely & Walker com.	103½	125
do 1st pfd.	79½	104½
do 2d pfd.	109½	80
International Shoe pfd.	77½	79½
Brown Shoe com.	5	5½
Hydraulic P. B. com.	31	
do pfd.	69½	
Central C. & C. com.	150	
Hamilton-Brown	7½	
Independent Brew. 1st pfd.	73½	
National Candy com.	147½	74
Wagner Electric		150

Answers to Inquiries.

T. P. McG., Valley City, N. D.—(1) Swift & Co. stock is quoted at 139 in the New York market. This doesn't seem unreasonably high, in view of the company's record and dividend payments. There are no indications of liquidation for inside account, and business prospects, especially for the farther future, are undeniably promising. So you'd better cling to your certificate. (2) There's nothing the matter with Great Northern. It remains one of the best issues of its kind. The 7 per cent is safe, and the price will in due time be above par again, though in the meanwhile it might recede to 90 or 89 for a week or two.

OWNER, St. Louis.—Hudson & Manhattan refunding 5s, quoted at 55, are not a safe investment; as a matter of fact, they are decidedly speculative. The decline from 69½ in recent months was mostly the result of the insolvency of other traction properties in New York and Brooklyn. In other words, it was of a sympathetic character, the H. & M. not being directly involved. The bonds were as high as 91¼ years ago. Speculatively, the present price looks tempting. It countenances hopes of a rise of at least ten points in the event of a favorable turn in the general situation. But, as already hinted, the bonds should not be bought for a real investment. There's a cloud over all public utilities nowadays.

READER, St. Louis.—The mortgage 6s you refer to are an attractive investment, though not strictly high-grade. There has been steadily growing demand for them in the past four or five years, and thus far the results have been gratifying. Securities of this variety are particularly adapted to the needs of investors of limited means who intend to hold for a considerable period. While the marketability is not as satisfactory as it should be, there's ground for the belief that it will gradually improve, in consequence, partly, of the broadening inquiry for Government Farm Loan 5s. These are rated at or around 103½ to 104.

W. K., Creston, Ia.—The common stock of the Bucyrus Co. is not undervalued at 19, the current quotation on the New York curb. The stock has never received a dividend, and cannot receive any until all preferred dividends in arrears (27¾ per cent) have been paid. Earnings have been good in the past two years. About 20 per cent was earned in 1917 and something like 16 per cent should have been earned in 1918 on the \$4,000,000 common outstanding. Like all other industrial concerns, the company will undoubtedly undergo a somewhat dull spell in the next six or eight months, and the directors will

see the necessity of husbanding surplus funds as carefully as possible. The common stock may be regarded as a fairly attractive long-range speculation. **TRADER, Waverly, Ill.**—(1) Retain your Shattuck-Arizona Copper, now quoted at 127½. Not likely to register a further marked decline. Liquidation seems completed. Stock should do relatively well in the next big bulge in mining department. (2) You should take your profit on Sinclair O. & R. and enter repurchasing order after a drop of at least five points. (3) Armour & Co. 6 per cent notes, due June 15, 1924, are a good investment, and not excessively valued at 101¼.

CONSTANT READER, Clinton, N. Y.—(1) A further material advance is not probable in the case of American Telephone & Telegraph—not in the near future. For obvious reasons, speculative potentialities are limited at this time. Government ownership is no longer considered an inspirational factor, and the 8 per cent dividend is not absolutely safe, either. That the stock used to sell at 150 some six or seven years ago is no pertinent circumstance. Times and conditions have changed a whole lot since then.

The American Language

By Charles J. Finger

In "The War in the Air" H. G. Wells takes his sorry hero to New York state, where the much-bedeveled fellow asks: "Can I get anything to eat 'r drink in this shop?" The proprietor replies, "This sir, is not A shop, it is A store." Then turning to the little audience, he observes, "He calls A store A shop, and he wants A meal for A shilling. * * * May I ask you, sir, what part of America you hail from?" Robert Corté Holliday, in his "Walking Stick Papers," in his essays "Caun't Speak the the Language" and "You Are an American" emphasizes the difference existing between English and American as spoken. To exhibit the constantly growing differences, H. L. Mencken has written and Alfred A. Kropf has published "The American Language," a book of 320 pages, with a bibliography, and list of over 5,000 words and phrases in which American expressions differ from those in common use in England.

Mencken builds no theory on the differences, but, by inference, one is led to believe that in the future it is probable American idioms and expressions will predominate in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, if for no other reason than that of the superior fluidity and appropriateness of the American branch of the language, coupled with the more rapid growth of the American population.

It cannot be denied that there does exist a vast difference between the English spoken and the American spoken language. There is a difference in terms used, in intonation, in accent, in spelling, in emphasis. It is also true that the English are prone to adopt, in many instances, American terms. But, on the other hand, apart from some slight differences in spelling, the language written by Englishmen is but very slightly different from the lan-

guage as written by Americans. A page of the MIRROR, compared with a page of the *Contemporary Review*, reveals so slight a difference that an intelligent foreigner would be unable to say which was written by an American and which by an Englishman.

Examining Mencken's book with care, reviewing the paradigms exhibiting the most common inflections of a verb for mode and voice, that he has compiled, one is forced to the conclusion that by far the majority of "Americanisms" are merely grammatical inaccuracies common to uneducated or careless talkers. To set down "I seen," or "I knowed," or "I been," with other like expressions, as evidences of a split in the languages, is to be mistaken. Such expressions are heard quite as frequently in England as on this side. One meets the expressions in Wells as well as in Jack London, or, for that matter, in the Australian story "The Oilskin Packet." Then again, other terms, such, for example, to use one instance, as "I use to couldn't," while heard in West Texas, are quite unknown in the East. If Mencken's lists included only such words and expressions as were common to each and every part of the United States, which, in turn, were never used in England, the case for a language schism would be stronger. As things are, the ordinary talk of a Highland Scotchman differs far more from the talk of a Cockney, than does the talk of an average uneducated American from the average Englishman. It is more difficult to induce an Englishman to read some of Walter Scott's novels than to induce him to read Max Adler or Mark Twain.

But granting that the language as spoken by the proletariat of today does differ very essentially from the language as spoken by the Englishman, what assurance have we that the use of the "new" words will endure? How much of the present popular language is ephemeral? Looking through Lowell's "Bigelow Papers," the reader is astonished at the old-fashioned appearance the pages present. The language therein is as far different from the common talk of today as is the language spoken by the characters in Fielding's "Tom Jones" or Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," different to the language of the people pictured in Bennett's "Clayhanger" or Wells' "Joan and Peter." Or take again the "Slang Dictionary" of Chatto and Windus (1873) and compare the then current slang with the slang talked by the people of Thomas Burke, or W. L. George, or Compton Mackenzie, and you will be struck with the difference.

It is the "funny man," the vaudeville stage, the jokesmith, to a great extent, who are responsible for much that passes as language differences. (Remember the attempt to saddle the boys at the front with the name "Sammies?") Mencken himself came dangerously near being responsible for some such work when he gave us his Thesaurus on "whiskers" and "booze." Add to this the woeful fact that comparatively few people read things that are worth while, and you have a potent cause of language variation.

Literature is the backbone of the language—not, to be sure, a rigid something, but an articulated arrangement, curving here outward and there inward, but for all that, a solid support. In literature, the form of the language is held fast. Unfortunately we are, as a nation, unlettered. Mencken himself, in his essay on James Huneker, has written thus:

"One might throw a thousand bricks in any American city without striking a single man who could give an intelligible account of either Hauptmann or Cezanne. * * * The boys in our colleges are still taught that Whittier was a great poet and Cooper a great novelist. * * * Our Chamberlains and Richard Harding Davises are national figures. Criticism, as the average 'intellectual' understands it, is what a Frenchman, a German or a Russian would call donkeyism."

Arrived at which latter conclusion, one had best stop.

"We must have a pergola in the garden this spring." "Is the soil suitable for it?" "Well, look through the seed catalogue, anyhow."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Boris—How'd pretty Miss Golden-ologue come to turn you down? Tyrus—Darn it, I told her she was a "synthetic beauty" when I meant to say "sympathetic."—*Detroit Saturday Night*.

"What are you going to do about the luxury tax?" "Nothing much. When I get through with the regular tax I won't have money enough to buy any luxuries."—*Kansas City Journal*.

The man in the next flat was pounding on the wall. "Look here," he cried, "I can't sleep with your kid yelling like that. If you don't make him stop, I will." "Come in, sir—come in," said the kid's father. "You'll be as welcome as the flowers in spring."

"Now that your brother is back, what are you going to do with your service flag?" "We'll put it in the window again when he gets married."—*Judge*.

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Coming Shows

Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn are coming to the American Theatre next week in "The Canary," the musical comedy which has been playing at the Globe in New York for the past six months. There isn't a better team of entertainers anywhere than Sanderson and Cawthorn, and when they are assisted by such notable performers as Sam Hardy, Doyle and Dixon, Maude Eburne, George E. Mack, Louis Harrison, Edna Bates and a typical Dillingham chorus the ensemble is enough to attract a full house at each performance, more particularly since the Shubert-Jefferson will be "dark" during their stay.

Bessie Clayton, famous toe dancer, in the triumph of her career, "The 1919 Dance Revue," will head the bill at the Orpheum the week of the 14th. She will be assisted by Eliza and Eduardo Cansino, popular Spanish dancers; James Clemons and Frank Hurst, eccentric dancers, and Wilbert Dunn and a company of terpsichorean artists. Mlle. Nitta Jo, a feminine Apache who deserted Paris and her wicked ways to sing for the soldiers in the trenches, will also appear. Other numbers are the Barr Twins, who succeeded the Dolly Sisters in "His Bridal Night"; Harry Langdon with Rose and Cecil in "Johnny's New Car"; Lucas and Hall in "Wild Ravings of 1919"; Ireland and Murdock in "The Belle of Bingville"; Jim and Marion Harkins playing Mr. and Mrs. Grundy; Jack and Kitty Demaco, gymnasts; and the Travel Weekly.

The chief attractions at the Columbia next week will be the Five MacLarens, versatile Scottish entertainers; and "The Price of Peace," the official motion picture of the war issued in the interest of the Victory Loan. This picture covers the war from beginning to date and shows real battles. The MacLaren quintette consists of four girls and a man in Highland costume, singing, playing and dancing. The bill will also include Amorus and Jeanette in a comedy called "Mon Chapeau"; the Kimiwa Trio, Nipponese equilibrists; Rome and Wager in classy bits of vaudeville; Sigsbee's acrobatic dogs; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in a new film comedy; Current Events, and comic pictures.

The Colonial Musical Misses, seven beautiful young ladies arrayed in gowns of the Colonial period exact to the minutest detail, each an accomplished musician, will head the Grand Opera House bill next week. All sing, and each plays at least two musical instruments. Basil and Allen have a delightful vaudeville novelty which they present under the title of "Recruiting." Galletti's Monks will offer an amusing monkey act; and other attractions will be Brooks and George, song writer and jazz creator; Hope Vernon, songstress and violinist; Wells and Crest, Yank and wop; Ditmar's animal pictures; Animated Weekly, and Sunshine and Mut and Jeff comedies.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1919.

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(Seal) Notary Public.
My commission expires Aug. 30, 1920.

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Beverage Taxation

Two suits have recently been filed in New York to determine the interpretation of the President's proclamation permitting the resumption of the brewing of non-intoxicating beverages and the constitutionality of the so-called Food Stimulation bill, prohibiting the manufacture after May 1st, 1919, and the sale after July 1st, 1919, of alcoholic beverages. The first is entitled Joseph E. Everard vs. James Everard's Breweries, and the second, the Jacob Hoffmann Brewing Company vs. Mark Eisner and Francis G. Caffey. The first proceeding is brought by a stockholder to compel the directors of his concern to continue the production of beer containing more than 2¾% of alcohol by weight, on the ground that such a beverage is not intoxicating and hence not within federal regulations and inhibitions upon intoxicating liquors as such. Coincident with this suit is the decision of brewers in New York and other places to resume brewing beer of that character, on the same ground.

It will be news to most people to learn that the United States government has never attempted to define and has never levied a tax upon them.

The internal revenue taxes on distilled liquors, which include whiskey, gin, rum and the other most potent drinks, date from 1862. Of course these were known to be intoxicating, but the law simply classed them as distilled spirits and the tax was levied, not upon the bulk of the liquor, but upon the percentage of proof spirits therein contained. About the same time internal revenue taxes were levied upon beers, ales, porters and other products of the brewer at so much per gallon. These were and are still defined as fermented liquors.

For a great many years wines which contained much more alcohol than beers escaped internal revenue taxation altogether, and cider, which is also more potent than beer, is still exempt from this form of impost. When the Internal Revenue Bureau fixed ½ of 1% of alcohol as the point at which taxation of fermented liquors should begin, it did not in any way attempt to settle what amount of alcohol in a beverage would make the beverage intoxicating. The decision was arrived at after consideration of the process employed in the production of cereal beverages which are known as "near beer" and the conclusion reached was that in the production of such beverages which contained less than ½ of 1% of alcohol, the fermentation was so slight as not to warrant their inclusion in the category of fermented beverages. Hence, the ruling that they were not taxable as fermented beverages.

While the issue as to whether or not 2¾% beer is intoxicating is new, in a certain sense, there are situations and experiences both in this and in other countries to support the view that a larger proportion of alcohol is needed to make a beverage intoxicating. In Maine, for many years, the juries have held that drinks containing not in excess of 3% of alcohol were not intoxicating and that dealers therein were not violators

of the prohibition law of the state, which, by the way, is the oldest statute of its kind in this country.

In Great Britain, after the Great War began, the Board of (Liquor) Control encouraged the brewing of light beer as distinguished from the heavy ales and porters characteristic of English custom. While very severe restrictions were placed around the sale of distinctly intoxicating liquors, these light beers were permitted to be sold at all hours and in any quantities. Moreover, they were supplied to the British troops in the field and were permitted to be sold at the military canteens without any restrictions whatsoever.

The prohibition provinces of Canada have uniformly exempted the lighter beers from the operation of their prohibition laws. In several of the provinces the strength has been put at 2½% proof spirits, and in one or two at 3%. The Quebec Legislative Council within the present month has decided to submit to the people of the Province a special referendum which, if carried, would exempt beers and light wines from the operation of the proposed prohibition law. As the laws and regulations in all instances are distinctly aimed at intoxicating liquors, the exemption of the light beers would seem to be of particular significance.

Denmark, Sweden and Norway go even further in their discrimination in favor of light beers. In each of the Scandinavian countries a beer containing 2¼% by weight is not only exempted from taxation but is also permitted to be sold without the payment of license fees. The assumption is that such beer is not only non-intoxicating but is also a valuable aid in combating intemperance.

The Total Abstinence Society of Denmark permits its members to drink this beer, indicating that it is regarded as distinctly non-intoxicating.

Sweden and Norway both have evolved elaborate systems of liquor taxation which are graded according to the alcoholic content of the beverage. In the case of the spirituous liquors, they are not only heavily taxed but they can only be obtained in limited quantities and from a strictly limited number of establishments. These establishments are run by semi-benevolent corporations, selected by the city authorities in each case, whose profits are limited to 5%; hence, they have no reason for pushing the sales of the potent drinks in which they deal. The result of the system described has been a vast decrease in drunkenness and kindred evils in the Scandinavian countries.

♦♦♦

"And when the war is over, dear, I'm going to bring you home a souvenir," said the young husband about to go "over there."

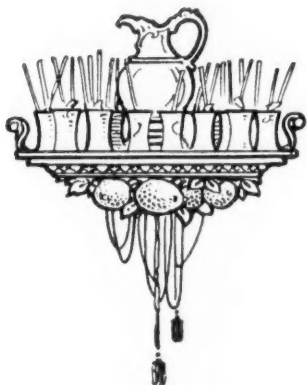
"Oh, that will be nice, dear. What will it be?" asked the sweet young thing.

"One of those German helmets, dear."

"Oh, George, I'd rather you'd bring me one of those French bonnets."

♦♦♦

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